Prize of 5/= a day for life (see page 519)

THE APRIL

ROYAL

FOURPENCE

Who is this?

(See page 505).

FOURPENCE

VOLUME VII. No. 42.

APRIL 1902

C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD HENRIETTA ST. LONDON, W.C

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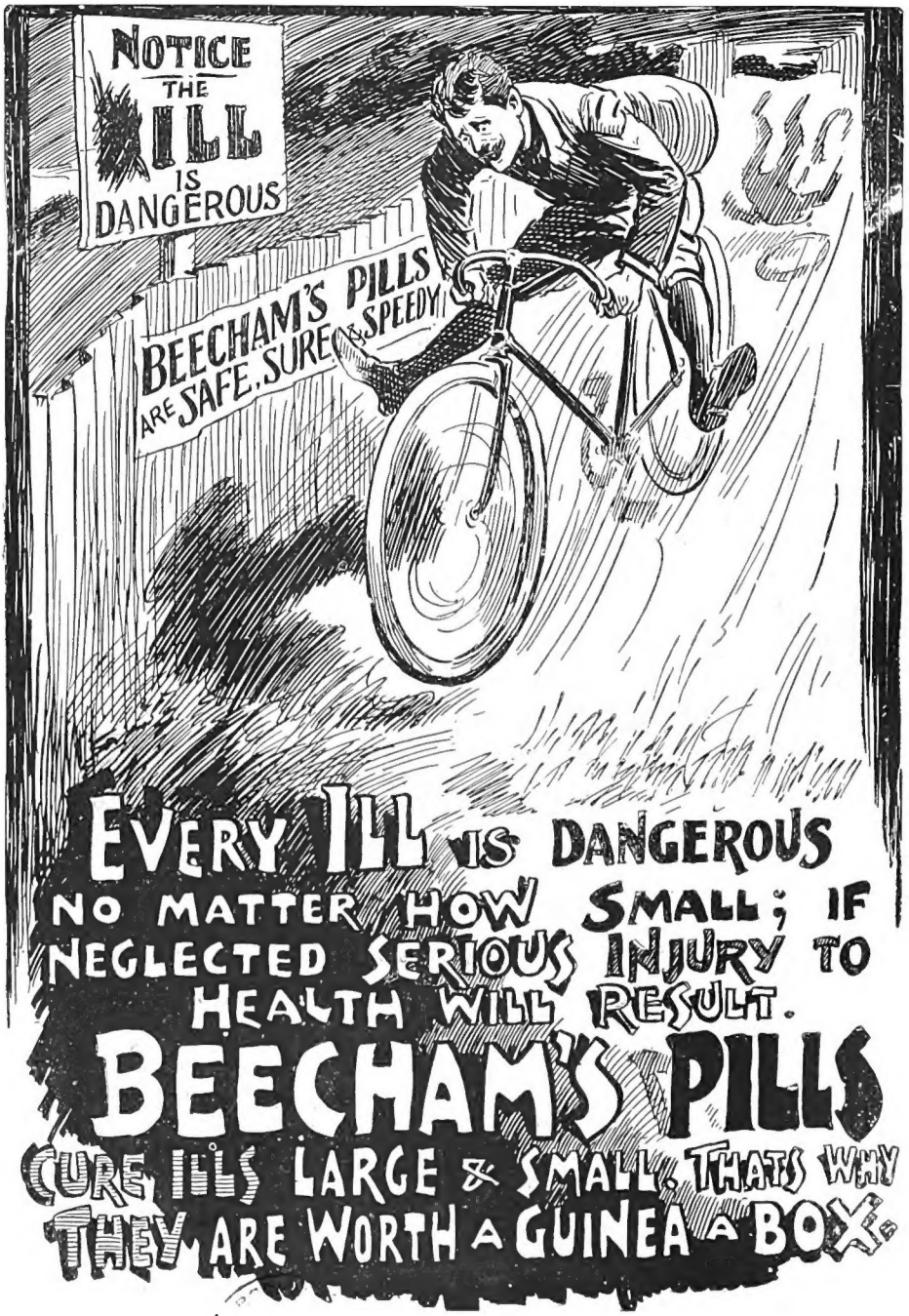

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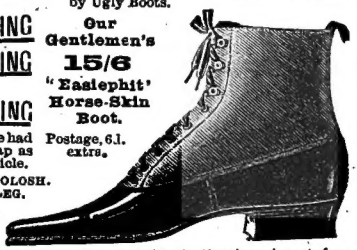

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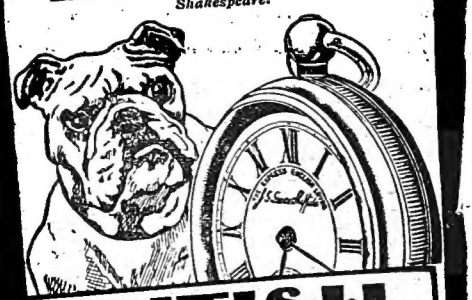

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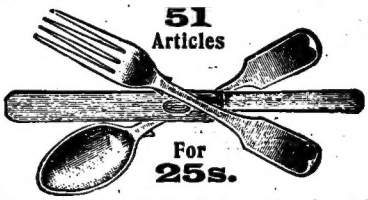

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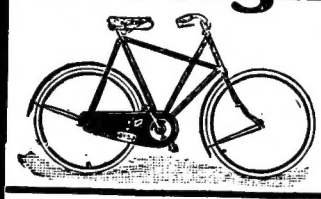

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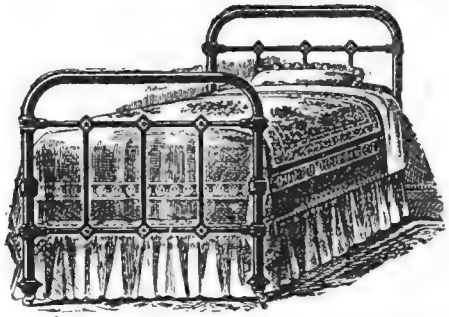

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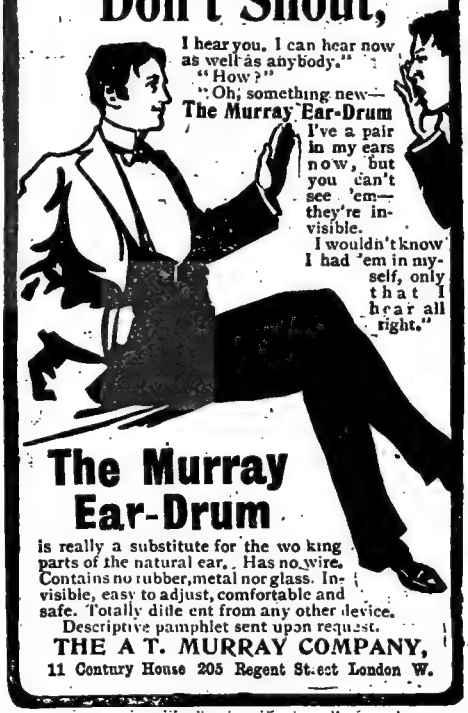

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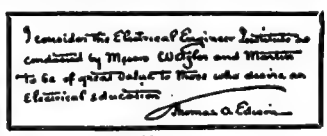
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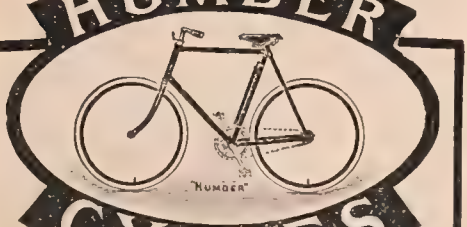

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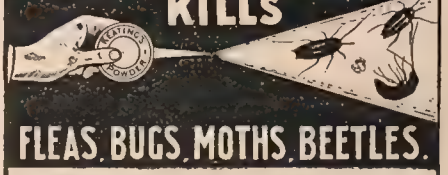

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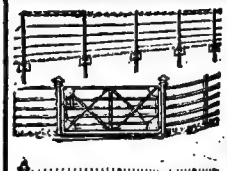

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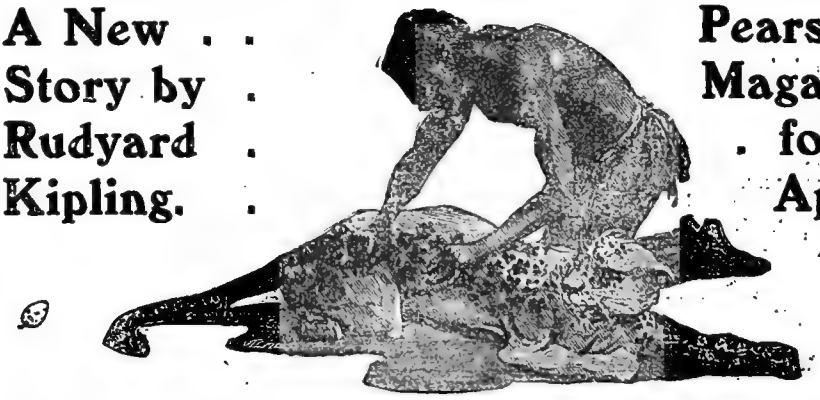

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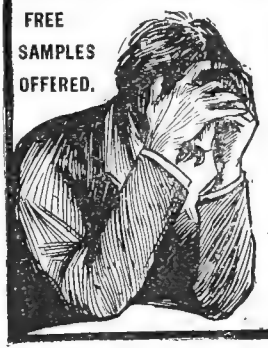

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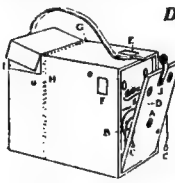

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VI. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

In the February ROYAL we stated that Miss Ethel Warwick began her theatrical career under the management of Mr. George Edwardes. This is an error; it was Mr. Tree who first brought her out. Our regrets are due to Miss Warwick for the mis-statement.

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Photo by Ellis & Walery

Miss Ellaline Terriss singing "A Little Bit of String,' a song she sang before the King and Queen at Sandringham.

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Commanded To Court

By A. Wallis Myers.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. John Hare in "A Pair of Spectacles"—a play he was specially invited to perform before the King.

There are, of course, many actors and actresses now playing on the London stage who have appeared before the King and Queen—but their Majesties have come, as it were, to the players concerned, the players have not gone to them. To be requested to appear at one of the Royal Palaces is a coveted honour which falls but rarely even upon the most distinguished actor; and the number of famous living artists who have been specially requested to bring their services and their companies to Court may almost be counted on the fingers of the hand.

Needless to say, any request of this sort is tantamount to a command, which is invariably obeyed, no matter what arrangements may be upset, and regardless of such minor drawbacks as hurried departures and sleepless night journeys *en route*.

The Theatre Royal, Sandringham, which is for all practical purposes a royal playhouse replete with all modern requirements, has been the scene of many a memorable performance when stars of the dramatic profession have appeared before the present King and Queen. Thirteen years have elapsed since Queen Victoria paid her last visit to His Majesty's Norfolk home; and that occasion will probably never be forgotten by Sir Henry Irving and the Lyceum Company, including Miss Ellen Terry.

On the afternoon of April 26th, 1889, the actor knight travelled down by express train, with his entire company, to Sandringham. The performance His Royal Highness commanded was the time-honoured "Bells," concluding with the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice"; and the large and handsome ball-room, improvised as a theatre, looked its best and brightest.

Though naturally limited for space, Sir Henry's stage manager was able to extend the beautiful and ingenious snow scene from "The Bells" as far back as the large bay window behind the stage. Instead of the real animal which appeared at the Lyceum, Sir Henry had brought with him a cleverly-modelled horse which was substituted, it is said, without any of the royal spectators discovering the difference. And room was found for no fewer than sixty persons on the stage, which is probably a record in the number of artists which have been collectively commanded to Court.

Of course, Mathias was impersonated by Mr. Irving, as he then was; and, in the second piece, Sir Henry, it goes without saying, was the Shylock, and Miss Ellen Terry the Portia, Mr. George Alexander on this occasion appearing as Bassanio. The production was voted a complete success, both by the late Queen and the present King, who, prior to the caste leaving for London at 1 a.m. by special train, bestowed a personal commendation on Sir Henry Irving while the company were at supper.

Here it may be interesting to state that the King and Sir Henry have had many a long chat together on theatrical matters in the latter's old-fashioned dressing-room at the Lyceum. There is a crumbling arm-chair in this room in which His Majesty as Prince of Wales has sat during intervals between the acts, the remaining company being kept in entire ignorance of the Royal presence so near at hand.

Preceded by a message signalling his advent, the Prince would slip quietly away from his

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box in company with an equerry, and, reaching the back of the stage by a private entrance, would mount the rickety stairs which lead up to Sir Henry's room; equally quietly would His Royal Highness regain his box just before the play recommenced.

Among our premier actor's most treasured possessions are several costly souvenirs with which the King has from time to time presented him. Miss Ellen Terry has also been the recipient of these permanent marks of favour.

Let us turn to Mr. John Hare's appearances at Court — three in number — and, strangely enough, respectively at Windsor, Balmoral, and Sandringham. With the Garrick Company Mr. Hare produced "A Pair of Spectacles" and "A Quiet Rubber" eleven years ago before the Court, including Queen Victoria, in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle. This being his first command to Court, Mr. Hare confesses to having been a little nervous; but the Lord Chamberlain had prepared the Waterloo Chamber with such care, improving the auditorium so that the sitting arrangement was perfectly uniform, that his company had no difficulty in doing their best.

The late Queen paid Mr. Hare the compliment of having an elliptical daïs projecting a foot from the front of the temporary gallery constructed for her benefit, in order that Her Majesty might hear the famous actor more distinctly.

Some of the stage accessories were of a unique character. The Chippendale furniture in the principal scene of "A Pair of Spectacles" was taken from the tea-room at Fort Belvedere, near Virginia Water, where the Queen sometimes took refreshment during her drives about the Great Park. On this occasion Mr. Hare "made up" in a portion of St. George's Hall, which is the banqueting room of the castle, and, after the performance was over, supper was served in the dining-room, which is adorned with the great and famous silver punch-bowl.

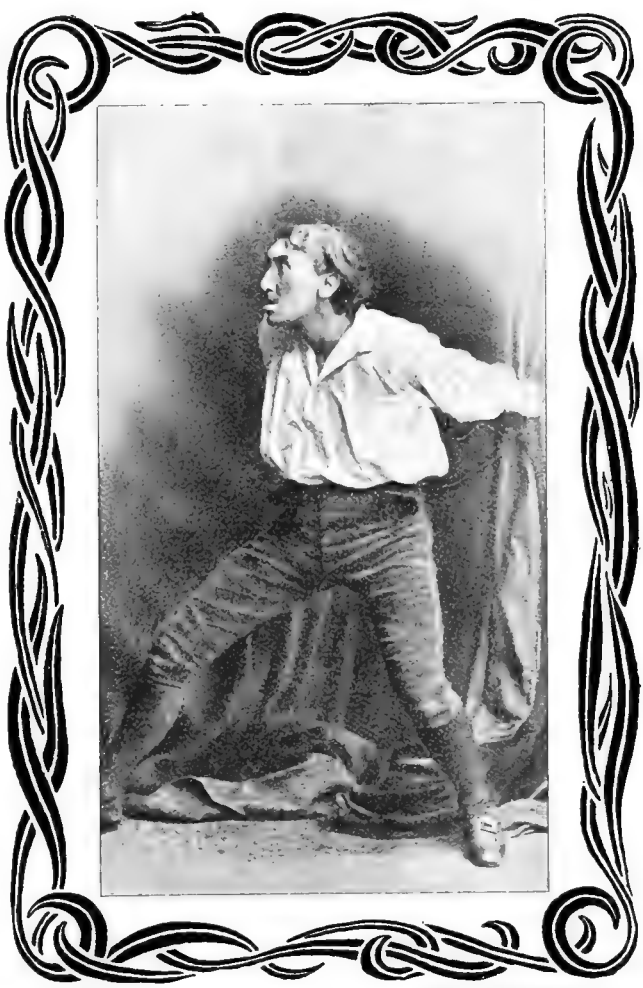

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

Sir Henry Irving in "The Bells," which he played at Sandringham before the King and Queen Victoria.

Mr. Hare has also taken his "Pair of Spectacles" to Sandringham by the desire of the present King, while in "Diplomacy" he has appeared before His Majesty at Balmoral.

But perhaps it is safe to say that the visit of the famous actor to Sandringham on the occasion of His Majesty's fiftieth birthday was an event of greater significance. In company with Sir Augustus Harris, who led the party, Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. Hare went to Norfolk on behalf of the actors and managers of London

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to present His Royal Highness with a solid gold cigar-box as a token of the loyalty and devotion of the dramatic profession.

Weighing a hundred ounces, this gift was of a most elaborate description, on the lid being arranged the Prince's plumes in brilliants, surrounded by a garter in dark blue enamel, on which was shown in diamond letters the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," the whole surmounted by the Prince's crown. It was one of the largest pieces of gold work executed in the last century, and is specially prized by its recipient, who has never failed to remember the spontaneous loyalty which prompted its presentation.

Though twenty years have elapsed since the incomparable Mr. J. L. Toole was commanded to Sandringham to appear in three pieces before the present King and Queen, the famous comedian is never likely to forget the occasion. The performance commenced with "The Steeplechase, or, Toole in the Pigskin," in which J. L. T. appeared in his original character of Tittums. He then presented "Our Clerks," impersonating John Puddicombe, and concluded by "bringing down the house" in his character, as played by him four thousand times, of Spriggins, in "Ici On Parle Français."

The King took immense delight in Mr. Toole's superb acting, and two years later, on the occasion of the late Duke of Clarence's twentieth birthday, "Master J. L. Toole" (I quote from the programme before me), "and hys Companie" presented "Paul Pry" at Sandringham; while in 1886, on the twenty-second birthday of the same Prince, he was commanded to Sandringham to play Old Cossett, in "Going It," as well as Tom Cranky in "The Birthplace of Podgers."

Photo by Window & Grove.

Miss Ellen Terry as Portia—a *rôle* she played, by special command, at Sandringham.

It was on one of the above occasions that the agent of the distinguished actor impersonated the Spanish Ambassador. The Heir Apparent, as he then was, had commanded Mr. Toole to "surprise" the Princess of Wales, and when the actor's manager appeared at Sandringham to make arrangements for the visit, the Prince explained that, to keep the matter a profound secret until the last moment, he would introduce the agent as the Spanish Ambassador.

"But I can't speak Spanish, sir," exclaimed the frightened agent. But the present King put him at his ease at once by saying: "No more can they, so your disguise will be perfect." Needless to say, the "Ambassador" proceeded with his arrangements quietly and without interruption.

So sudden and unexpected are notices to Court that it often happens that the actor-

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Photo by Sarony.

Mr. Tree in "The Balladmonger." He was ordered to play this part at Balmoral.

manager concerned has to race time to fulfil his engagements. Primarily due to Her late Majesty's command that he should bring "The Red Lamp" to Balmoral was Mr. Beerbohm Tree's accomplishment of the journey from Deeside to Dublin, a distance of five hundred and ninety miles, in record time.

The Royal command to appear at Balmoral on Monday night reached Mr. Tree on Friday evening in London. Now he was due to appear at Dublin on the Monday evening, so in order not to leave this engagement unfulfilled for more than one evening the resourceful actor arranged for a special train to Holyhead and a special steamer to Dublin.

In the meantime, within twenty-four hours of the Royal message, new and special scenery for "The Balladmonger" and "The Red Lamp" was constructed and painted to meet the exigencies of the stage at Balmoral. Here the Ball Room was converted for the occasion into a bijou theatre, the Court officials lending valuable aid in the rapid transformation. In the caste, besides Mr. Tree, were Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mrs. Tree, and her daughter, Miss Viola Tree. When the curtain had fallen at half-past eleven, after a brilliantly successful performance, Mr. and Mrs. Tree and the principal members of their company were presented to Her late Majesty, who bestowed on the first-named a very handsome memento of the occasion.

In company with some of the members of the Royal family, the artists then partook of supper, and immediately this was over there began what may be called the flight to Dublin. The travelling arrangements had been timed to such a nicety that the intervening six hundred miles were covered in seventeen hours, the company going straight from the deck of their steamer to their dressing-rooms at the theatre.

On his arrival in Ireland Mr. Tree immediately dispatched a telegram to Sir Fleetwood Edwards, in accordance with Her Majesty's request, informing the Queen that they had "accomplished the journey just in time to appear at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, having broken the record for the distance."

It sometimes, though rarely, happens that an actor is commanded to Court only to find, through an unforeseen circumstance, that the performance has been postponed. This happened to Mr. Charles Wyndham, who

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

Mrs. Tree accompanied her husband.

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was engaged to produce "The Squire of Dames" at Osborne in the first month of 1896. But the sudden death of Prince Henry of Battenberg at Madeira a few days before the date fixed for the production made it imperative for all arrangements to be cancelled, much to the disappointment of Mr. Wyndham, who had bought and designed new scenery, and who, but for this sad event, would have made his first bow before Royalty at their own home.

To Mr. Seymour Hicks belongs the distinction of being the first actor alive to appear before an English King. The hasty summons of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks (Miss Ellaline Terriss) with the Vaudeville company to Sandringham on the occasion of Princess Charles of Denmark's birthday is still fresh in the minds of our readers.

"Both 'Scrooge' and 'Papa's Wife' went splendidly," Mr. Hicks afterwards observed. "We were personally congratulated by their Majesties, and altogether you can take it that the day was the proudest in the life of both my wife and myself." After the performance, which won the praise of all present, Miss Ellaline Terriss—whom the Prince of Wales asked to sing "A Little Bit of String," of which he appeared to have a vivid recollection—was presented by the King with a diamond brooch in the form of the letters E. R., and Mr. Hicks with a pair of diamond sleeve-links.

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Seymour Hicks gave a very successful performance of "Scrooge" before the King.

Photo by Hollis & Sons.

Miss Ethel Kelly, who played in Mr. Seymour Hicks's company before the King.

There were four children in the caste—three of whom, strangely enough, were aged thirteen—who each received a basket of fruit and a copy of the Royal programme as a memento of their first visit to Court as professional artists.

One of these juvenile players was Master A. E. Randall, who was associated with the late Bessie Wentworth in her coon songs, and who has sung a solo at Covent Garden Opera. Another was little Miss Lucy Davis, who, though only thirteen, has played in Shakespearian plays and has toured the provinces. A third was Miss Ethel Kelly, who has been five years a member of Stedman's Choir, joining it when she was only eight years old. She has appeared and sung at half-a-dozen principal London theatres, including Covent Garden and the Lyceum, and is now with Mr. Seymour Hicks, whom she acknowledges to be "the most kind and considerate manager in London."

The party were entertained to supper at the Hall, and were subsequently driven in the King's motor-car to King's Lynn, where they took a special train for Liverpool Street.

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Martin Harvey lately gave a performance of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" before the King.

A few weeks after Mr. Hicks, Mr. Martin Harvey was commanded to Sandringham to sustain the pathetic and demented Count in "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance." Mrs. Harvey accompanied her husband, and both had the honour of an introduction to the King and Queen. Mr. Harvey's rise to eminence has been as rapid as it has been merited, and none will question His Majesty's judgment in selecting this cultured actor to display his talents at Sandringham so early in the new reign.

But the most memorable theatrical event of the new reign was the *début* of Mr. Dan Leno as "Court Jester." It was the first time a music-hall artist proper had been commanded to Sandringham, and Mr. Dan Leno may be excused for the thrill of pride which "overcame him" when he saw his name appear in the *Court Circular* of the following day.

"Although I am not in the habit of singing to kings," said the inimitable Dan, when he returned to town, "strange to say I did not feel nervous. Believe me, I strove my hardest to make a success. After arriving at Sandringham the first thing to see to was a rehearsal, and when that was over I walked about and was shown over the kitchens, grounds, and stables until half-past six, when dinner was served.

"I was due to appear on the stage at eleven o'clock. My first song was 'How to Buy a House.' Then I sang 'The Huntsman,' and after that I gave the best of my dialogues. In all I was on the stage thirty-five minutes. The King laughed very much at my jokes, and so did the Queen, and I was more than pleased at the applause I received.

"After I retired," Mr. Leno smilingly added, "the King came round to the back of the stage, shook hands with me, and said he had enjoyed the performance very much, presenting me with a diamond pin as a souvenir of my visit. His Majesty does not shake hands with the tips of his fingers, but gives you a good, hearty, English grip."

By the way, it is recorded that when Mr. Leno put on his dress suit to be presented to His Majesty, he found he had forgotten his white tie. Ever resourceful, the comedian put on a little piece of white tape in its stead. How like the Dan Leno we all love!

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

A few months ago Dan Leno was commanded to Court. His performance was an immense success.

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By
Baroness E. Orczy.

Illustrated by
P. B. Hickling.

THE GLASGOW MYSTERY.

(Being the first of a new series of stories, "The Mysteries of Great Cities," told by the famous "Man in the Corner," who has already related the "Mysteries of London.")

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man in the Corner, *who tells the story to*
The Lady Journalist.
Mrs. Carmichael—*The landlady who was murdered.*
Mr. Yardley—*A poet living in her house.*
Mr. James Lucas—*Another of her boarders.*
Upton—*Her manservant.*
Emma—*Her cook.*

I.

"It has often been declared," remarked the man in the corner, "that a murder—a successful murder, I mean—can never be committed single-handed in a busy city, and that on the other hand, once a murder *is* committed by more than one person, one of the accomplices is sure to betray the other, and that is the reason why comparatively so few crimes remain undetected. Now I must say I quite agree with this latter theory."

It was some few weeks after my first introduction to the man in the corner and the inevitable bit of string he always played with when unravelling his mysteries, and some time before he recounted to me his grim version of the tragedy in Percy-street, which I have already retold in the Royal.

Now I had made it a hard and fast rule whenever he made an assertion of that kind to disagree with it. This invariably irritated

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him; he became comically excited, produced his bit of string, and started off at rattling speed, after a few rude remarks directed at lady journalists in general and myself in particular, on one of his madly bewildering, true cock-and-bull stories.

"What about the Glasgow murder, then?" I remarked sceptically.

"Ah, the Glasgow murder," he repeated "Yes, what about the Glasgow murder? I see you are one of those people who, like the police, believe that Yardley was an accomplice to that murder, and you still continue to hope, as they do, that sooner or later he, and the other man, Upton, will meet, divide the spoils, and throw themselves into the expectant arms of the Glasgow police."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't think Yardley had anything to do with that murder?"

"What does it matter what a humble amateur like myself thinks of that or any other case? Pshaw!" he added, breaking his bit of string between his bony fingers in his comical excitement. "Why, think a moment how simple is the whole thing! There was Mrs. Carmichael, the widow of a medical officer, young, good-looking, and fairly well-off, who for the sake of company, more than for actual profit-making, rents one of the fine houses in Woodbine Crescent with a view to taking in 'paying guests.' Her house is beautifully furnished—I told you she was fairly well-off. She has no difficulty in getting boarders.

"The house is soon full. At the time of which I am speaking she had ten or eleven 'guests'—mostly men out at business all day, also a married couple, an officer's widow with her daughter, and two journalists. At first she kept four female servants; then one day there was a complaint among the gentlemen boarders that their boots were insufficiently polished and their clothes very sketchily brushed. Chief among these complainants was Mr. Yardley, a young man who wrote verses for magazines, called himself a poet, and, in consequence, indulged in sundry eccentric habits which furnished food for gossip both in the kitchen and in the drawing-room over the coffee-cups.

"As I said before, it was he who was loudest in his complaint on the subject of his boots; it was he, again, who, when Mrs. Carmichael expressed herself willing to do anything to please her boarders, recommended her a quiet, respectable man named Upton to come in for a couple of hours daily, clean boots, knives, windows, and what-nots, and make himself 'generally useful'—I believe that is the technical expression. Upton, it appears, had been known to Mr. Yardley for some time, had often run errands and delivered messages for him, and had even been intrusted with valuable poetical MSS. to be left at various editorial offices.

"It was in July of last year, was it not, that Glasgow—honest, stodgy, busy Glasgow—was thrilled to its very marrow by the recital in its evening papers of one of the most ghastly and most dastardly crimes?

"At two o'clock that afternoon, namely, Mrs. Carmichael, of Woodbine Crescent, was found murdered in her room. Her safe had been opened, and all its contents—which were presumed to include a good deal of jewellery and money—had vanished. The evening papers had also added that the murderer was known to the police, and that no doubt was entertained as to his speedy arrest.

"It appears that in the household at Woodbine Crescent it was the duty of Mary, one of the maids, to take up a cup of tea to Mrs. Carmichael every morning at seven o'clock. The girl was not supposed to go into the room, but merely to knock at the door, wait for a response from her mistress, and then leave the tray outside on the mat.

"Usually Mrs. Carmichael took the tray in immediately, and was down to breakfast with her boarders at half-past eight. But on that eventful morning Mary seems to have been in a hurry. She could not positively state afterwards whether she had heard her mistress's answer to her knock or not; against that, she was quite sure that she had taken up the tray at seven o'clock precisely.

"When everybody went down to breakfast a couple of hours or so later, it was noticed that Mrs. Carmichael had not taken in her tea-tray as usual. A few anxious comments were made as to the genial hostess being unwell, and then the matter was dropped. The servants did not seem to have been really anxious about their mistress during the morning. Mary, who had been in the house two years, said that once before Mrs. Carmichael had stayed in bed with a bad headache until one o'clock.

"However, when the lunch hour came and went, Mrs. Tyrrell, one of the older lady boarders, became alarmed. She went up to her hostess's door and knocked at it loudly and repeatedly, but received no reply. The door, mind you, was locked or bolted, presumably, of course, from the inside. After

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consultation with her fellow boarders, Mrs. Tyrrell at last, feeling that something must be very wrong, took it upon herself to call in the police. Constable Rae came in; he too knocked and called, shook the door, and finally burst it open.

"It is not for me," continued the man in the corner, "to give you a description of that room as it appeared before the horrified eyes of the constable, the servants, and lady boarders; that lies more in your province than in mine.

"Suffice it to say that the unfortunate lady lay in her bed with her throat cut.

"No key or bolt was found on the inside of the door; the murderer, therefore, having accomplished his ghastly deed, must have locked his victim in, and probably taken the key away with him. Hardly had the terrible discovery been made than Emma the cook, half hysterical with fear and horror, rushed up to Constable Rae, and, clutching him wildly by the arm, whispered under her breath, 'Upton, Upton; he did it, I know . . . My poor mistress; he cut her throat with that fowl carver this morning. I saw it in his hand . . . It is him, constable!'

"'Where is he?' asked the constable peremptorily. 'See that no one leaves the house. Who has seen this man?'

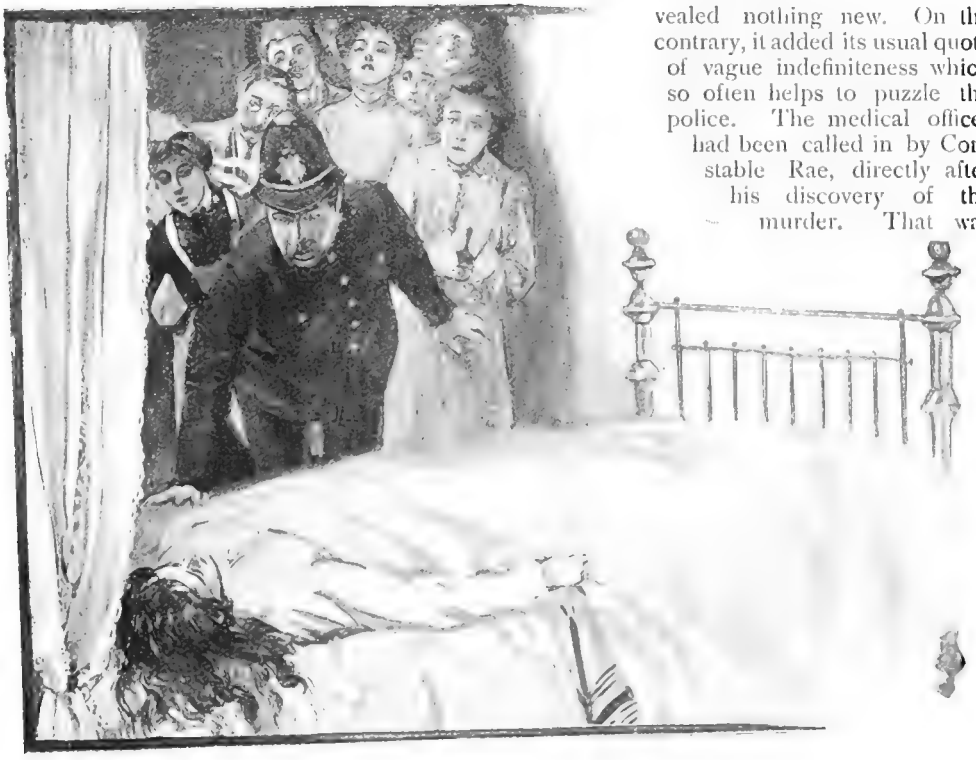
"But neither the constable, nor anyone else for that matter, was much surprised to find that on searching the house throughout, the man Upton had disappeared."

II.

"At first, of course, the case seemed simplicity itself. No doubt existed, either in the public mind or that of the police, as to Upton being the author of the grim and horrible tragedy. The only difficulty, so far, was the fact that Upton had managed not only to get away on the day of the murder, but also had contrived to evade the rigorous search instituted throughout the city after him by the police—a search, I assure you, in which many an amateur detective readily joined.

"The inquest had been put off for a day or two in the hope that Upton might be found before it occurred. However, three days had now elapsed, and it could not be put off any longer. Little did the public expect the sensational developments which the case suddenly began to assume.

"The medical evidence revealed nothing new. On the contrary, it added its usual quota of vague indefiniteness which so often helps to puzzle the police. The medical officer had been called in by Constable Rae, directly after his discovery of the murder. That was



"Mrs. Carmichael was found murdered in her room."

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"This fowl carver is awful blunt."

about two o'clock in the afternoon. Death had occurred a good many hours before that time, stated Dr. Dawlish—possibly nine or ten hours; but it might also have been eleven or twelve hours previously.

"Then Emma the cook was called. Her evidence was, of course, most important, as she had noticed and talked to the man Upton the very morning of the crime. He came as usual to his work, about a quarter to seven, but the cook immediately noticed that he seemed very strange and excited.

"'What do you mean by strange?' asked the coroner.

"'Well, it was strange of him, sir, to start first thing in the morning cleaning knives when we had as many knives as we wanted clean for breakfast.'

"'Yes? He started cleaning knives, and then what did he do?'

"'Oh, he turned and turned that there knife machine so as I told him he would be turning all the edges. Then he suddenly took up the fowl carver and said to me; "This fowl carver is awful blunt—where's the steel?" I says to him: "In the sideboard, of course, in the dining-room," and he goes off with the fowl carver in his hand, and that is the last I ever saw of that carver and of Upton himself.'

"'Have you known Upton long?' asked the coroner.

"'No, sir, he had only been in the house two days. Mr. Yardley gave him a character, and the mistress took him on, to clean boots and knives. His hours were half-past six to ten, but he used to turn up about a quarter to seven. He seemed obliging and willing, but not much up to his work, and didn't say much. But I hadn't seen him so funny except that morning when the poor missus was murdered.'

"'Is this the carver you speak of?' asked the coroner, directing a constable to show one he held in his hand to the witness.

"With renewed hysterical weeping Emma identified the carver as the one she had last seen in Upton's hand. It appears that Detective McMurdoch had found the knife, together with the key of Mrs. Carmichael's bedroom door, under the hall mat. Sensational, wasn't it?" laughed the man in the corner; "quite in the style of the penny novelette — sensational, but not very mysterious.

"Then Mrs. Tyrrell had to be examined, as it was she who had first been alarmed about Mrs. Carmichael, and who had taken it upon herself to call in the police. Whether through spite or merely accidentally Mrs. Tyrrell insisted in her evidence on the fact that it was Mr. Yardley who was indirectly responsible for the awful tragedy, since it was he who had introduced the man Upton into the house.

"The coroner felt more interested. He thought he would like to put a few questions to Mr. Yardley. Now Mr. Yardley when called up did not certainly look prepossessing; and from the first most persons present were prejudiced against him. He was, as I think I said before, that *rara avis*, a successful

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poet: he wrote dainty scraps for magazines and weekly journals.

"In appearance he was a short, sallow, thin man, with no body and long limbs, and carried his head so much to one side as to almost appear deformed. Here is a snapshot I got of him some time subsequently. He is no beauty, is he?

"Still his manner, his small shapely hands, and quiet voice undoubtedly proclaimed him a gentleman.

"It was very well known throughout the household that Mr. Yardley was very eccentric; being a poet he would enjoy the privilege with impunity. It appears that his most eccentric habit was to get up at unearthly hours in the morning—four o'clock sometimes—and wander about the streets of Glasgow.

"'I have written my best pieces,' he stated in response to the coroner's astonished remark upon this strange custom of his, 'leaning against a lamp post in Sauchiehall Street at five o'clock in the morning. I spend my afternoons in the various public libraries, reading. I have only boarded and lodged in this house for two or three months, but, as the servants will tell you, I leave it long before they are up in the morning. I am never in to breakfast or luncheon, but always in to dinner. I go to bed early, naturally, as I require several hours sleep.'

"Mr. Yardley was then very closely questioned as to his knowledge of the man Upton.

"'I first met the man,' replied Mr. Yardley, 'about a year ago. He was loafing in Buchanan Street, outside the *Herald* office, and spoke to me, telling me a most pitiable tale—namely, that he was an ex-compositor, had had to give up his work owing to failing eyesight, that he had striven for weeks and months to get some other kind of employment, spending in the meanwhile the hard-earned savings of many years' toil; that he had come to his last shilling two days ago, and had been reduced to begging, not for money, but for some kind of job—anything to earn a few honest coins.

"'Well, I somehow liked the look of the man; moreover, as I just happened to want to send a message to the other end of the city, I sent Upton. Since then I have seen him almost every day. He takes my manuscripts for me to the editorial offices, and runs various errands. I have recommended him to one or two of my friends, and they have always found him honest and sober. He has eked out a very meagre livelihood in this way, and when Mrs. Carmichael thought of having a man in the house to do odd jobs, I thought I should be doing a kind act by recommending Upton to her. Little did I dream then what terrible consequences such a kind act would bring in its trail. I can only account for the man's awful crime by thinking that perhaps his mind had become suddenly unhinged.'

"All this seemed plain and straightforward enough. Mr. Yardley spoke quietly, without the slightest nervousness or agitation. The coroner and jury both pressed him with questions on the subject of Upton, but his attitude remained equally self-possessed throughout. Perhaps he felt, after a somewhat severe cross-examination on the part of the coroner, who prided himself on his talent in that direction, that a certain amount of doubt might lurk in the minds of the jury and consequently the public. Be that as it may, he certainly begged that two or three of the servants might be recalled in order to enable them to state definitely that he was out of the house, as usual, when they came downstairs that morning.

"One of the housemaids, recalled, fully corroborated that statement. Mr. Yardley's room, she said, was on the ground floor, next to the dining-room. She went into it soon after half-past six, turned down the bed, and began tidying it up generally.

"There was only one other witness of any importance to examine. One other boarder—Mr. James Lucas, a young journalist, employed on the editorial staff of the *Glasgow Banner*.

"The reason why he had been called specially was because he was well known to be one of the privileged guests of the house, and had been more intimate with the deceased than any of her other boarders. This privilege, it appears, chiefly consisted in being admitted to coffee, and possibly whiskey and soda after dinner, in Mrs. Carmichael's special private sitting-room. Moreover, there was a generally accepted theory among the other boarders that Mr. James Lucas entertained certain secret hopes with regard to his amiable hostess, and that, but for the fact that he was several years her junior, she might have encouraged these hopes.

"Now, Mr. James Lucas was the exact opposite of Mr. Yardley, the poet; tall, fair, athletic, his appearance would certainly prepossess everyone in his favour. He seemed very much upset, and recounted with much, evidently genuine, feeling, his last interview with the unfortunate lady—the evening before the murder.

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"'I saw Mr. Yardley descending the stairs.'"

"'I spent about an hour with Mrs. Carmichael in her sitting-room,' he concluded, and parted from her about ten o'clock. I then went to my club, where I stayed pretty late, until closing time, in fact. After that I went for a stroll, and it was a quarter past two by my watch when I came in. I let myself in with my latch-key.

"'It was pitch dark in the outer hall, and I was groping for my candle, when I heard the sound of a door opening and shutting on one of the floors above, and directly after someone coming down the stairs. As you have seen yourself, the outer hall is divided from the inner one by a glass door, which on this occasion stood open. In the inner hall there was a faint glimmer of light, which worked its way down from a skylight on one of the landings, and by this glimmer I saw Mr. Yardley descending the stairs, cross the hall, and go into his room. He did not see me, and I did not speak.'

"An extraordinary, almost breathless, hush had descended over all those assembled there. The coroner sat with his chin buried in his hand, his eyes resting searchingly on the witness who had just spoken. The jury had not uttered a sound. At last the coroner queried:

"'Is the jury to understand, Mr. Lucas, that you can swear positively that at a quarter-past two in the morning, or thereabouts, you saw Mr. Yardley come down the stairs from one of the floors above and go into his own room, which is on the ground floor?'

"'Positively.'

"That was enough. Mr. Lucas was dismissed and Mr. Yardley was recalled. As he once more stood before the coroner, his curious one-sided stoop, his sallowness, and length of limb seemed even more marked than before. Perhaps he was a shade or two paler, but certainly neither his hands nor his voice trembled in the slightest degree.

"Questioned by the coroner, he replied quietly:

"'Mr. Lucas was obviously mistaken. At the hour he names I was in bed and asleep.'

"There had been excitement and breathless interest when Mr. James Lucas had made his statement, but that excitement and breathlessness was as nothing compared with the absolutely dumbfounded awe which fell over everyone there, as the sallow, half-deformed, little poet, gave the former witness so completely, so emphatically the lie.

"The coroner himself hardly knew how to

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keep up his professional dignity as he almost gasped the query:

"'Then is the jury to understand that you can swear positively that at a quarter-past two o'clock on that particular morning you were in bed and asleep?'

"'Positively.'

"It seemed as if Mr. Yardley had repeated purposely the other man's emphatic and laconic assertion. Certainly his voice was as steady, his eye as clear, his manner as calm as that of Mr. Lucas. The coroner and jury were silent, and Mr. Yardley turned to where young Lucas had retired in a further corner of the room. The eyes of the two met, almost like the swords of two duellists before the great attack; neither flinched. One or the other was telling a lie. A terrible lie since it might entail loss of honour, or life perhaps to the other, yet *neither* flinched. One was telling a lie, remember, and in everyone's mind there arose at once the great all absorbing queries 'Which?' and 'Wherefore!'"

III.

I HAD been so absorbed in listening to the thrilling narrative of that highly dramatic inquest that I really had not noticed until then that the man in the corner was recounting it as if he had been present at it himself.

"That is because I heard it all from an eye-witness," he suddenly replied with that eerie knack he seemed to possess of reading my thoughts, "but it must have been very dramatic, and, above all, terribly puzzling. You see there were two men swearing against one another, both in good positions, both educated men; it was impossible for any jury to take either evidence as absolutely convincing, and it could not be proved that either of them lied. Mr. Lucas might have done so from misapprehension. There was just a possibility that he had had more whiskey at his club than was good for him. Mr. Yardley, on the other hand, if he lied, lied because he had something to hide, something to hide in that case which might have been terrible.

"Of course Dr. Dawlish was recalled, and with wonderful learning and wonderful precision he repeated his vague medical statements:

"'When I examined the body with my colleague, Dr. Swanton, death had evidently supervened several hours ago. Personally, I believe that it must have occurred certainly more like twelve hours ago than seven.

"More than that he could not say. After all, medical science has its limits.

"Then Emma, the cook, was again called. There was an important point which, oddly enough, had been overlooked up to this moment. The question, namely, of the door-mat under which the knife (which, by the way, was blood-stained) and also the key of Mrs. Carmichael's bedroom door was found. Emma, however, could make a very clear and very definite statement on that point. She had cleaned the hall and shaken the mat at half-past six that morning. At that hour the housemaid was making Mr. Yardley's bed; he had left the house already. There certainly was neither key nor knife under the mat then.

"The balance of evidence, which perhaps for one brief moment had inclined oh, ever so slightly, against Mr. Yardley, returned to its original heavy weight against the man Upton. Of course there was practically nothing to implicate Mr. Yardley seriously The coroner made a resumé of the case before his jury worthy of a judge in the High Courts.

"He recapitulated all the evidence. It was very strong, undeniable, damning against Upton, and the jury could arrive but at one conclusion with regard to him. Then there was the medical evidence. That certainly favoured Upton a very little, if at all. Remember that both the medical gentlemen refused to make a positive statement as to the time; their evidence could not, therefore, be said to weigh either for or against anyone.

"There was then the strange and unaccountably conflicting evidence between two gentlemen of the house—Mr. Lucas and Mr. Yardley. That was a matter which for the present must rest between either of these gentlemen and their conscience. There was also the fact that the man Upton—the evident actual murderer—had been introduced into the house by Mr. Yardley. The jury knew best themselves if this fact should or should not weigh with them in their decision.

"That was the sum total of the evidence. The jury held but a very brief consultation. Their foreman pronounced their verdict of 'Wilful murder against Upton.' Not a word about Mr. Yardley. What could they have said? There was really no evidence against him—not enough, certainly, to taint his name for ever with so hideous a blight.

"In a case like that, remember, the jury are fully aware that the police would never for a moment lose sight of a man who had so narrowly escaped a warrant as Yardley had done. Relying on the certainty that very soon Upton would be arrested, it was not to

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be doubted for a moment but that he would betray his accomplice, if he had one. Criminals in such a plight nearly always do. In the meanwhile, every step of Yardley's would be dogged, unbeknown to himself, even if he attempted to leave the country. As for Upton——"

The man in the corner paused. He was eyeing me through his great bone-rimmed spectacles, watching with ironical delight my evident breathless interest in his narrative. I remembered that Glasgow murder so well. I remember the talks, the arguments, the quarrels that would arise in every household. Was Yardley an accomplice? Did he kill Mrs. Carmichael at two in the morning? Did he tell a lie? If so, why? Did Mr. James Lucas tell a lie? Many people, I remember, held this latter theory, more particularly as Mrs. Carmichael's will was proved some days later, and it was found that she had left all her money to him.

For a little while public opinion veered dead against him. Some people thought that if he were innocent he would refuse to touch a penny of her money; others, of a more practical turn of mind, did not see why he should not. He was a struggling young journalist; the lady had obviously been in love with him, and intended to marry him; she had a perfect right—as she had no children or any near relative—to leave her money to whom she choose, and it would indeed be hard on him, if, through the act of some miscreant, he should at one fell swoop be deprived both of wife and fortune.

Then, of course, there was Upton—Upton! Upton! whom the police could not find! who must be guilty, seeing that he so hid himself, who never would have acted the hideous comedy with the carver. Why should he have wilfully drawn attention to himself, and left, as it were, his visiting card on the scene of the murder?

Why? why? why?

"Ah, yes, why?" came as a funny, shrill echo from my eccentric *vis-a-vis*. "I see that in spite of my earnest endeavour to teach you to think out a case logically and clearly, you start off with a preconceived notion, which naturally leads you astray *because* it is preconceived, just like any blundering detective in these benighted islands."

"Preconceived?" I retorted indignantly. "There is no question of preconception. Whether Mr. Yardley knew of the contemplated murder or not, whether he was an accomplice or Mr. Lucas, there is one thing very clear—namely, that Upton was not innocent in the matter."

"What makes you say that?" he asked blandly.

"Obviously, because if he were innocent he would not have acted the hideous tragic comedy with the carver; he would not, above all, have absolutely damned himself by disappearing out of the house and out of sight at the very moment when the discovery of Mrs. Carmichael's murdered body had become imminent."

"It never struck you, I suppose," retorted the man in the corner with quiet sarcasm, "how *very* damning Upton's actions were on that particular morning?"

"Of course they were *very* damning. That is just my contention."

"And you have never then studied my methods of reasoning sufficiently to understand that when a criminal—a clever criminal, mind you—appears to be damning himself in the most brainless fashion, that is the time to guard against the clever pitfalls he is laying up for the police?"

"Exactly. That is why I, as well as many people connected with journalism, believe that Upton was acting a comedy in order to save his accomplice. The question only remains as to who the accomplice was."

"He must have been singularly unselfish and self-sacrificing, then."

"How do you mean?"

"According to your argument, Upton heaped up every conceivable circumstantial evidence against himself in order to shield his accomplice. Firstly he acts the part of strange, unnatural excitement, he loudly proclaims the fact that he leaves the kitchen with the fowl carver in his hand, thirdly he deposits that same blood-stained knife and the key of Mrs. Carmichael's room under the mat a few moments before he leaves the house. You must own that the man must have been singularly unselfish since, if he is ever caught, nothing would save him from the gallows, whilst, unless a great deal more evidence can be brought up, his accomplice could continue to go free."

"Yes, that might be," I said thoughtfully; "it was of course a part of the given plan. Many people held that Upton and Yardley were great friends—they might have been brothers, who knows?"

"Yes, who knows?" he repeated scornfully, as getting more and more excited his long thin fingers wound and unwound his bit of string, making curious complicated knots, and then undoing them feverishly.

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"Do brothers usually so dote on each other, that they are content to swing for one another? And have you never wondered why the police never found Upton? How did he get away? Where is he? Has the earth swallowed him up?

"Surely a clumsy brute like that, who gives himself hopelessly away on the very day when he commits a murder, cannot have brains enough to hide altogether away from the police—a man who before a witness selects the weapon with which he means to kill his victim, and who then deliberately leaves it blood-stained there where it is sure to be found at once? Why imagine such a consummate fool evading the police, not a day, not a week, not a month, but nearly two years now, which means altogether? Why, such a fool as you, the public, and the police have branded him would have fallen into a trap within twenty-four hours of his attempt at evasion; whereas the man who planned and accomplished that murder was a genius before he became a blackguard."

"That's just what I said. He was doing it to shield his accomplice."

"His accomplice!" gasped the funny creature, with ever increasing excitement. "Yes, the accomplice he loved and cherished above all—his brother you say, perhaps. No, someone he would love ten thousand times more than any brother."

"Then you mean——"

"*Himself*, of course! Didn't you see it all along? Lord bless my soul! The young man—poet or blackguard, what you will—who comes into a boarding-house, then realises that its mistress is wealthy. He studies the rules of the house, the habits of its mistress, finds out about her money, her safe, her jewels, and then makes his plans. Oh, they were magnificently laid! That man ought to have been a great diplomatist, a great general—he was only a great scoundrel.

"The sort of disguise he assumed is so easy to manage. Only remember one thing: When a fool wishes to sink his identity he does so *after* he has committed a crime and is wanted by the police; he is bound, therefore, for the best part of the remainder of his life, to keep up the disguise he has selected at all times, every hour, every minute of the day; to alter his voice, his walk, his manners. On the other hand, how does a clever man like Yardley proceed?

"He chooses his disguise and assumes it *before* the execution of his crime; it is then only a matter of a few days, and when all is over, the individual, the known criminal, disappears; and, mind you, he takes great care that the criminal shall be known. Now in this case Upton is introduced into the house; say he calls one evening on Mr. Yardley's recommendation; Mrs. Carmichael sees him in the hall for a few moments, arranges the question of work and wages, and after that he comes every morning, with a dirty face, towzled hair, false beard and moustache—the usual type of odd job man very much down in his luck—his work lies in the kitchen, no one sees him upstairs, whilst the cook and kitchen folk never see Mr. Yardley.

"After a little while something—carelessness perhaps—might reveal the trick, but the deception is only carried on two days. Then the murder is accomplished and Upton disappears. In the meanwhile Mr. Yardley continues his eccentric habits. He goes out at unearthly hours; he is a poet; he is out of the house while Upton carries on the comedy with the carving knife. He knows that there never will be any evidence against him as Yardley; he has taken every care that all should be against Upton, all; hopeless, complete, absolute, damning!

"Then he leaves the police to hunt for Upton. He 'lies low' for a time, after a little while he will go abroad, I dare say he has done so already. A jeweller in Vienna, or perhaps St. Petersburg, will buy some loose stones of him, the stones he has picked out of Mrs. Carmichael's brooches and rings, the gold he will melt down and sell, the notes he can cash at any foreign watering-place, without a single question being asked of him. English banknotes find a very ready market abroad, and 'no questions asked.'

"After that he will come back to his friends in Glasgow and write dainty bits of poetry for magazines; the only difference being that he will write them at more reasonable hours. And during all the time the police will hunt for Upton.

"It was clever, was it not? You have his photo? I gave it you just now. Clever-looking, isn't he? As Upton he wore a beard and dyed his hair very black; it must have been a great trouble every morning, mustn't it?"

The next mystery which "The Man in the Corner" relates is entitled "The York Mystery," and deals with a murder in that city.

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Baroness Orczy.

BARONESS E. ORCZY.

The creator of "The Man in the Corner," and the author of the new series of tales entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities," which commences in the present number.

LAST September the ROYAL MAGAZINE published the finish of a series of thrilling and cleverly conceived detective stories entitled, "London Mysteries," told to a lady journalist by a remarkable personage who goes by the name of "The Man in the Corner," since he always sits in one particular corner in the A.B.C. shop, where he is interviewed. His chief peculiarity is the knotted string in his fingers and his glass of milk at his side. The accomplished authoress has now written for us a second series, treating with mysteries which have baffled the police wholly and utterly in the large provincial centres of the British Isles.

Baroness Emmuska Orczy is of Hungarian family, and was born at Tarna-Örs in the Lowlands of Hungary. Her father, the Baron Orczy, after holding the post of Director of the National Opera at Buda-Pesth—where he brought from comparative obscurity the great conductor Dr. Hans Richter—and some important diplomatic offices, came over to England with his fourteen-year-old daughter. Here Baroness Emmuska set herself to study art at various schools, exhibiting several times at the Royal Academy, her picture "The Jolly Young Waterman" in 1892 gaining a place on the line. She also painted a portrait of Sir Henry Irving—Mr. Irving, as he was then—for the National Museum of Dramatic Art in Buda-Pesth. She describes with pleasure her many visits to the delightful studio of the late Edwin Long, R.A., in Hampstead, when she sat as a pronounced Eastern type for the eminent Academician.

It was not, however, until 1894 that the Baroness entered the ranks of literature. In that year she produced with her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow, a book of fairy tales illustrated and written by themselves. But to her, the real interest of the book was in the illustrating, which fell largely to her lot.

Her serious writing days, one may say, began about four years ago, when, staying with her husband in a house where all were engaged in magazine work, she caught the infection, and has since been bound hand and foot to this fascinating pastime.

Her first short work of fiction appeared in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. Baroness Orczy soon intends to publish stories in French and German, with a view to ascertain which country takes the greatest interest in her work. She also hopes to write a novel dealing with Hungarian life, trusting to gain the sympathies of the British public in a country so unknown and obscure to us. It is curious to note that she has never yet written in her native tongue. But she will do so soon.

The Baroness is, I suppose, the only living writer who finds herself perfectly at home when writing in a language other than her own. Personally, the Baroness Orczy is one of the most charming of women. But she is not at all English in her manner and conversation. Of course, she speaks English perfectly and with only the slightest foreign intonation, and yet no one would ever mistake her for an Englishwoman. Her manner is far too alert and vivacious; and she possesses what our countrywomen generally lack, charming as they are, remarkable conversational powers, interest in all manner of subjects, and a large fund of ideas. We are sure our readers will wish the charming authoress of "London Mysteries" every success in her literary career.

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FACES IN PLASTER

An interesting Article describing in detail how Life-Masks are taken.

By H. J. Holmes.

Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield.

The subject whose life-mask is to be taken is covered with a linen overall——

——and his hair is protected by a specially made preparation.

We cannot all be famous enough to feel certain that a grateful nation will hand down our features, chiselled by some ingenious hand, to a venerating posterity. Still, for him who would secure the approving glances of "those who come after," some small amount of comfort remains in the fact that for a comparatively trifling outlay he may immortalise his noble brow or blooming cheek in a very wearable substitute for the stone of kings and millionaires.

In fact, it is quite feasible for any person of modest income to have a plaster cast made of his face for the benefit of his children and grandchildren when he is no more—that they may still smile upon his features when he has long ago passed away from them.

Not very far from that home of the sculptured great, Westminster Abbey, stands an establishment which, amongst other lines of business, makes a speciality of the art of producing plaster casts of living—and dead—faces. Mr. M. Bird, the proprietor, assures me that he is often called upon in this particular branch of work, and gave me proof that his clients are by no means confined to one particular class.

Most of his professional visits are westward, where at the private residences of his patrons, he executes his interesting task. Men and women of good social position, and even their children, are his more numerous subjects, and especially has this been so during the past two or three years. Those people who are well able to afford the cost of having their faces chiselled in marble by sculptors of repute, are included in Mr. Bird's *clientèle*. His work is always faithful in representing features, and flattery knows no part in the making of a life-mask.

The process of making a life-mask is particularly interesting. It may perhaps be a little trying to the more nervous class of subject, especially among the fairer sex, and those who have an inborn horror of suffocation. In no case, however, will Mr. Bird agree to carry out the work except when he feels fully assured that the subject will not make a fuss at the crucial moment.

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To the ordinary man or woman who can sit still for a space of from a quarter to half-an-hour, the operation is really not very trying. Under skilled hands, aided by up-to-date appliances, one does not mind it much more than if the harmless, necessary shave or hair-cut was being carried out. The writer can say so from personal experience.

The subject whose face is to be treated, reclines on a cleverly constructed chair, which can be manipulated with ease by the operator, enabling him to raise, lower, or turn the "patient's" head and body as the different phases of the process requires. When in position on this chair, the subject is in an easy, comfortable position, and ready for the preliminaries.

These consist in the complete covering of the subject's body in a sort of overall, which protects his clothes from the effects of the clay to be used later on.

The ears are filled with a wad of cotton-wool—

—and the whole face is treated with a certain lotion to prevent the plaster adhering to the skin—

Next comes the covering of the hair with a special kind of material treated with a certain preparation on the outside.

The hair being fully protected, the subject's ears are then filled in lightly with a wad of cotton-wool previously treated with a secret preparation, the composition of which is known only to Mr. Bird, and, by the way, makes his system of mask-making from life far less disagreeable than more old-fashioned methods.

Now the "patient's" face must be touched with another secret lotion. A somewhat jealously guarded phial is produced from the operator's case, and, with the point of the finger, applied to every portion of the face and neck. Most particular care is taken that not the smallest part of the face escapes the treatment, otherwise the operation of having one's plaster cast taken might prove a very unpleasant experiment, and unlikely to be repeated!

—after which the casting clay is carefully applied.

The subject's face is now ready for further developments. The operator takes up a vessel containing a whitish mixture, which has been worked up into the proper consistency. This is the casting clay, and although the larger portion of its composition does not differ from the material used by other life-mask makers, Mr. Bird has introduced an improvement in the process of mixing which renders the subject's ordeal less trying at this point than would otherwise be the case.

Beginning at the front of the head, the clay is gradually applied down the sides of the face

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The whole face is gradually covered with clay——

and pressed well under the chin—the latter with the eyes, nose, and cheeks, only remaining visible.

With a few more swiftly applied lumps of clay, the chin, mouth, and cheeks are covered. Then what is literally a ticklish job has to be done.

This is the fixing of two little pipes in the nostrils of the still and silent subject, who now reclines as one dead. The pipe is of course a necessary appliance—otherwise suffocation would ensue. Inch by inch the clay is then built up over the remaining portion of the face; the "patient" not daring to so much as wink. Just before the last bit of clay is applied the operator deftly inserts another tube in the remaining nostril, and dabs the closing patch of material over the tip of the nose. The appearance of the subject at this particular point is not exactly beautiful, but there he must remain for the finishing touches of the modeller's fingers, which, working rapidly and evenly, press home the clay into every furrow, wrinkle or hollow,

——two little tubes being thrust into the nostrils to prevent suffocation.

When the operator's experienced fingertips convey the knowledge that the clay closely fits every detail of the features, he pulls out his watch to time the setting of the clay. A very few minutes suffice for this, so well has the stuff been worked up.

A rapid movement of the modeller's hands and arms, and hey, presto! the clay is removed from the subject's face, leaving it as clean and shiny as when the first dab was applied. Within the rough-looking chunk of clay is retained an exact impression of the features of the subject. And there is no denying that when the clay is removed he looks happier than when the ordeal was about to begin!

When the clay mask has hardened sufficiently, a plaster cast, or several casts, may be taken from it, and there is no doubt that it will satisfy anyone who wants a really truthful counterfeit presentment of himself. To those who want a beautiful, dignified-looking plaster cast where beauty and dignity are not the strong point

Then with a rapid movement the clay is removed from the subject's face,

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of the original, the plaster cast from a mask taken from life is not to be recommended. Like Salem Scudder's camera, the clay mask cannot lie!

Mr. Bird assured the writer that he frequently has the same difficulty to contend with as that which gives the photographer a great deal of trouble. His patrons, for instance, are apt to be led away by the belief that their features are irreproachable, and that any irregularity appearing in the finished cast is not so much their fault as his. In other words, they seem to think that, no matter how plain they may be, the cast of their features should, in some mysterious way, present a judicious blending of the Grecian and Roman statuesque styles, with a goodly spice of that beauty which sculptors usually bestow on marble presentments of Apollo and Venus!

"I had intended placing this plaster bust on a pedestal in the entrance hall of my residence," one of his lady patrons remarked to him one day, "but I hardly think it does me sufficient justice, so I shall place it in the library."

And Mr. Bird could hardly refrain from congratulating the lady on her wisdom. For she was very stout—and decidedly elderly.

The mask-maker does not always confine himself to human subjects. He says there is growing up a fashion amongst well-to-do people to have plaster casts made of their favourite pets, in preference to the more costly process of preserving the bodies artificially, which, to most people of a sensitive nature, seems a rather repugnant way of commemorating a dead favourite, be it horse or kitten.

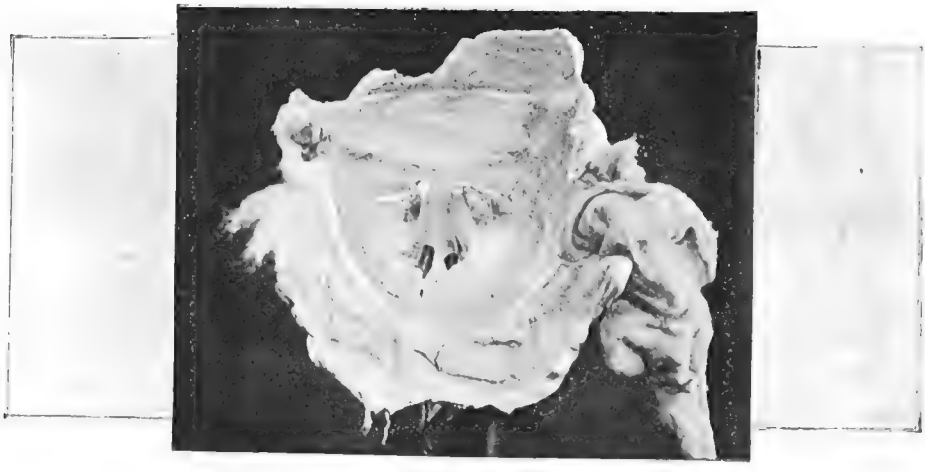
The casting of animals' masks is, of course, almost invariably undertaken after death, so this part of the subject hardly comes within the scope of the present article, although the process is very interesting.

Mr. Bird has several amusing and otherwise interesting little anecdotes to relate in connection with his experience as a maker of life masks.

On one occasion he was suddenly called away whilst waiting for a subject's mask to harden. By a series of circumstances which would take up too much space to relate, he was prevented getting back to his studio for nearly an hour. Muffled groans from beneath a thick gag of clay told him that his patient was feeling extremely uncomfortable, and when he rushed to relieve the poor fellow, he found the clay had set so effectively as to necessitate the use of a chisel.

On another occasion a "patient," in spite of instructions to the contrary, opened his mouth to speak just as a lump of clay was being dabbed over that organ. The clay—about half a pound of it—had afterwards to be extracted from the unhappy subject's throat by means of a sugar-tongs, the operation coming to a sudden end as soon as the victim could regain his voice and express his feelings in appropriate language.

But Mr. Bird's experiences are not always so amusing. His professional duties have made him familiar with the chamber of death. He has made casts from many a well-known man's dead face, and has had to listen to the heart-rending mourning of parents whilst forming, from a dead child's features, something to keep those parents in life-long remembrance of her!



A life-mask as it appears when removed from the face.

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POLE STARS

Some Extraordinary Performances on a Pole.

By H. L. Adam.

We are indebted to America for many variety turns of a sensational, skilful, and amusing kind. English managers are always on the lookout for them. About a year ago Mr. Dundas Slater was travelling in America, seeing what he could managerially devour, when he found De Witt and Burns.

De Witt and Burns call themselves "Perch Equilibrists." You may naturally wonder what this means. Not long ago there appeared at the Crystal Palace an intrepid Greek who tempted Providence on a bending mast. Mounting to the top of the latter, he went through certain acrobatic evolutions, while the mast bent with, and creaked beneath him. One fateful day the mast snapped, and Sir Greek went to the ground, somewhat hurriedly. He subsequently died from his injuries. There was little but foolhardiness in the performance.

The performance of De Witt and Burns is somewhat similar to the Greek's, and yet very different. At the Crystal Palace the mast was a hundred feet long,

While De Witt holds the pole, Burns goes through performances on it. Here he is hanging by one hand, his head downwards.

Here the pole has to be strongly inclined in order to preserve the balance.

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This position is extremely difficult for both performers to maintain.

and fixed in the ground. At the Alhambra De Witt supported the "perch," as it was called, on the stage, while Burns worked his will above. This, it will be perceived, is a far more skilful performance than was that of the Greek, inasmuch as the retaining of the equilibrium under such conditions is no mean achievement.

The artistes enter, attired in very loud and eccentric costumes, and give an exceptionally neat and clever display of tumbling. After this, one goes off, and returns with the "perch." The thick end of this is dropped into a leather pocket, attached to a leather belt fastened round the waist of De Witt, and Burns proceeds to climb to the top.

Here, with the aid of a loop attached to the latter, he places himself in a number of grotesque positions, in which the centre of gravity is treated with the greatest indifference. He hangs by his hands, his feet, with head up and down alternately, at right angles, and in many other defiant attitudes; all the time the artiste below is keeping the balance, the mast bending and swaying this way and that. Finally Burns slides precipitately down on to the other's shoulders, and the "act" ends.

It must be conceded to De Witt that he does the more skilful work of the two, although Burns' position is the more perilous. I subsequently had a chat

Here Burns looks extraordinarily like a spider.

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Burns manages to keep himself in position by resting his shoulder against the pole.

with the former, and learned from him many interesting particulars concerning the performance. The pole used is a spruce-pine sapling, is 19ft. long, weighs 35lb., and was fashioned at a yard where they make ships' masts. Burns weighs 155lb., so that when he is on the pole De Witt is supporting and balancing 190lb. This he does for the space of five or six minutes, every minute increasing, or seeming to increase, the weight above him. It is, of course, his own strength decreasing.

De Witt and Burns are the only artistes working this class of show. On one occasion a couple of performers were attempting a similar thing in a circus ring, when the one below failed to keep the balance, and his partner came down among the seats.

I questioned as to mishaps, but De Witt could remember only one. The perch snapped just beneath Burns' feet, who was up; he came down. Fortunately, the performance was in a circus ring, the ground of which was soft. De Witt's shoulder also intervened. The net result was a nasty shaking for both. But the most peculiar experience he could remember, said De Witt, was their engagement at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. Here they performed on a raft, built on empty barrels, and floated on a lake. With this unstable foundation they found balancing anything but an easy task.

Doing "splits" in mid-air.

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A LULLABY

BY

RITA CAY

"THERE seems to be trouble upstairs, Clare."

"What is wrong, Wilfred? Who is in trouble?" asked Mrs. Dalmeny anxiously.

"As I passed Sybil's room I heard sounds which seemed suspiciously like sobs. I didn't go in. The child should have been asleep long ago."

"Poor little woman! I will go to her. There is nothing wrong with the horses or dogs to make her unhappy?"

"I haven't been told of anything."

Mrs. Dalmeny put down her needlework and left the room.

The well-being and happiness of her children meant so much to this young mother. They were all the world to her and came first in every way.

Quietly she opened the door of Sybil's room. The little girl had hidden her face in the pillow and was sobbing as if her heart were broken.

"My little Sybil," said her mother tenderly as she gathered the child up into her arms, "are you ill dear, what is it?"

But the child just continued to sob.

"Childie, what is it?"

The little girl put her arms round her mother's neck and nestled against her.

"Beautiful mamm," she said between her sobs. "My beautiful mummie."

For a little while Mrs. Dalmeny was silent. She stroked the little girl's face as it lay on her arm until the paroxysm of grief was past.

"Now tell me, dear, why you are so unhappy," she urged.

"I thought you were angry with me. That . . . that I was wicked and so you could not love me."

"Dear little maiden, whatever made you think that?"

"It is so silly of me to care. I don't like to tell you because you will think me such a baby."

"And didn't I love you when you were a baby?"

"Then I will tell you. It wasn't because I minded Dicky going or because I wanted to go myself. It was because you didn't choose me to go this afternoon. I knew when I heard which cart was ordered that you could only take one of us. And last time it was Dicky, and the time before, and the time before that, and I hoped it would be me to-day."

"Weren't you happy at home, dear?"

"Yes, mummie. I mean I wasn't, but I could have been. No, it wasn't that. But I thought if you choose Dicky again, then it must be true that you didn't love me as you love him."

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"My dear, dear mummie," murmured the child, "I shall never forget how much you love me."

Mrs. Dalmeny started as the child said these words. Then she pondered for a moment. Had she been unkind? Sybil was only eight—would she understand the reason why she was never chosen if she were told?

Her mother looked down at the sweet little face on which the tears were not yet dry and noted the sensitive mouth. How was it she had never noticed that before? The child must be quite miserable.

Quickly making a resolution she said:

"Dear, I will tell you something and hope that you will understand it. We all have aims in life, little girl. Some better, some worse. One of mine has always been to be fair and just, especially to my children. The story I am going to tell you is about that.

"Once — when you were four and Dicky two—we went to stay by the sea. I had not been very well; neither had you. We chose a place away from everywhere. There was no band, no crowd, none of the usual things that spoil a beach. The cliffs were high, and there were many little bays and beautiful rocks, and blow-holes and caves. One day we were driven to a little bay, a great favourite of ours for picnics, just you and Dicky and I. I had been awake most of the night before, and it was so restful by the sea listening to the regular roar of the waves."

Mrs. Dalmeny's thoughts were far away. She saw the scene as it was that afternoon, and mechanically she stroked her little girl's curls as she continued:

"I fell asleep while Dicky and you played with the sand. When I awoke some time later I discovered, to my horror, that the sea had come quite close to us, and that our little bay was shut in on all sides by the steep rocks and the open sea.

"I looked round to see where high-water mark was. It was about five feet up the cliff. Then I looked for a ledge or a lower rock to climb on. There was nothing, and the tide came higher and higher. I could swim, but I should have to go out a long way to pass round the point and back the other side; and as I saw all this I realised that I could

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not be certain of saving both my little ones. I could only take one with me, and the other I must leave to the cruel waves until I could come back. The water was even then at our feet, and as you felt it round your ankles you looked at me and said in your little trustful way: 'Mummie, it's all wet, make me dry again.' But Dicky laughed and played with the waves. He was such a baby.

"Then, darling, I knew I could not live without my daughter, and taking off my dress I wrapped it round the baby boy and laid him down at the far end of the bay, in the only place which would be secure from the water for a little time. Then I took you under my arm and we started."

Mrs. Dalmeny's voice failed her.

"Mummy, my own mummy," said the child clinging to her. "But how did we get Dicky?"

"I swam with you round the corner. It seemed such a long way. And then I saw a high rock, which I knew we could clamber on to. It was quite above high water mark. I left you there and swam back to find the boy. He was off his feet, poor little man, and had just begun to be afraid, I think. The dress I had wrapped round him kept him up. In a little while it might have dragged him down, but I had put it round him in case the waves washed him against the rocks before I could return. I brought him as I brought you, and we all three waited on that rock until the tide went down, and then we got home as fast we could. And neither of you had even a cold."

"But you, dear mummie?"

"Oh, well, little girl, I felt the strain and was ill again. But now do you see why I have told you this story which is still so full of terror for me?"

"I think so. To show me that you love me really and truly."

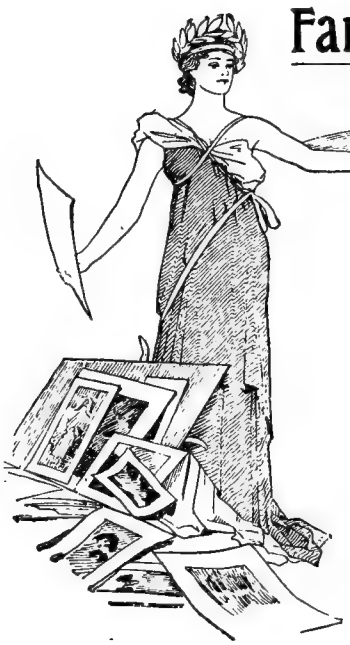
"Yes, and also because then I learned that my little girl came first in my heart, and ever since I knew it I have been so afraid of showing it that, when there is one to be chosen, my head says Dicky because my heart would always want my Sybil.

"It is difficult, darling, always to be fair; and Dicky must never know that, though I love him dearly, he only comes second. You must trust me, dear."

"My dear, dear mummie," murmured the child. "I shall never forget how much you love me. Thank you for saving me."

"Now, sweetheart, you will be happy again, and go to sleep at once or you will lose your beauty sleep. It is quite late."

"Yes, I will go straight to sleep. Good-night. Kiss daddy for me. Good-night. I shall be asleep before you get downstairs again and so happy. Good-n-i-g-h-t."



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A CATERPILLAR FARM

A corner of the caterpillar farm. In order to protect the caterpillars the shrubs on which they feed are covered with a muslin bag or "sleeve."

By Wilfred Mark Webb, F.L.S.

A midnight rush from London on the Great Northern brings us to York, and at the end of another trip by the North-Eastern we find ourselves at Scarborough in the early hours of the morning.

It is not, however, our object to enjoy the many beauties which have brought renown to that fashionable watering-place. Scarborough has other claims to fame, particularly in the eyes of entomologists, and we look forward to seeing the celebrated caterpillar farm which belongs to Mr. H. W. Head of that town.

Although the rearing of moths and butterflies has been Mr. Head's hobby for many years, he, at the same time, makes a successful business of it. The great majority of his choice specimens goes to delight the hearts of hosts of collectors scattered all over the country, who are enabled to buy for a small sum the rarities they could hardly hope to meet with in their own districts.

The interior of a "sleeve."

A little way inland we come to Mr. Head's establishment. It is not more than half an acre in extent. "Hardly worth calling a farm," you will say, but one may search the world through for another that contains such a prodigious quantity of stock, or which grows such an endless variety of plants.

The glimpse of a corner is enough to arrest the attention and the steps of even

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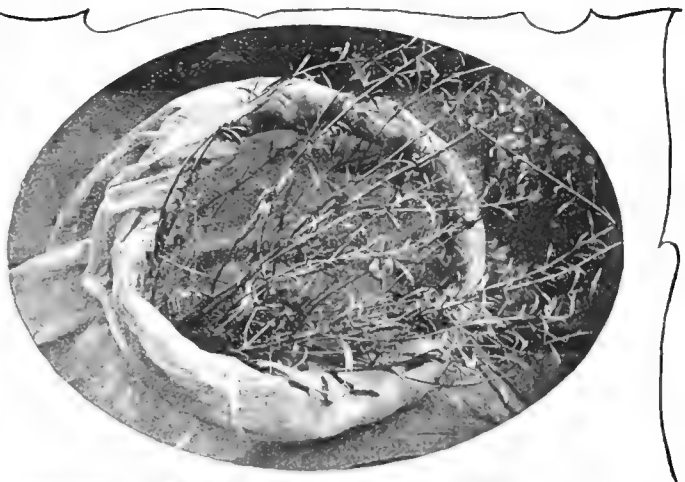
the most casual observer. Trees and shrubs are planted in endless profusion and their limbs or often their whole bodies are swathed in those muslin bags which the rearer of caterpillars alludes to as "sleeves," whatever their size may be. Within these bags the larval insects feed secure upon the juicy leaves of their chosen food plant.

Our attention is directed to the "sleeve" which covers a small poplar tree laden with a horde of the fine caterpillars of that rare moth, the "Clifton Nonpareil." At present you may still see some of the leaves on the tree. But across the farm we come to another tree left a little longer to the tender mercies of the hungry insects, and behold! not a scrap of its abundant foliage remains.

Another covering is opened and we see the silken nests of the



Close observation will show you the caterpillars on the branches of this shrub.

In a very short time a tree becomes completely defoliated by the caterpillars.

The caterpillars of the "Pale Oak Beauty" show an extraordinary protective resemblance to the twigs of the plant on which they feed.

"Small Eggar," to which the grubs retire at night. On some oak twigs, stuck for the nonce into a jar of water, careful examination will reveal a number of the stick-like larvæ of the "Pale Oak Beauty." Perhaps no better example could be found of resemblance to surroundings than is given by these extraordinary larvæ.

There is quite a crop of white "sleeves" apparently growing out of the earth in another part of the farm. Each of these sleeves is found to contain a willow-herb and the larvæ of the elephant hawk-moth, with the horn upon the tail—the characteristic of the genus to which these fine insects belong. The caterpillars in question as well as those of the smaller species which feed on the pretty bedstraw are remarkable for the large spots upon their backs not very far behind the head.

The use of these is not evident when the creature is quietly feeding, but let it be startled ever so little and a wonderful change takes place. The head is drawn in, out of sight, causing the already fat body to swell at the front end and bringing the first pair of peculiar spots into just the position one would expect to find eyes in a small snake. In fact, it is the earnest endeavour of the insect to palm itself off as

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The "Elephant Hawk" caterpillar. Note the horn upon the tail-end of this insect, shown in the photograph opposite the lower cross, and the eye-like spots upon their backs not far behind the neck opposite the upper cross. When irritated these insects cause their bodies to swell at the front—a motion which brings the spots into the position of the eyes in a snake.

The small "Elephant Hawk" caterpillar.

the first few inches of a venomous reptile, and thus scare away any enemies that might feel inclined to make a meal of it.

Aptly enough, until the caterpillars are sufficiently big to warrant their attempting this trick they are green all over, and trust for protection to their resemblance to the leaves upon which they feed.

Others of the caterpillars have quite as curious methods of defence, as, for instance, those from which the "Lobster Moth" takes its name. When first hatched these animals have long legs, and are about the size of an ant, which they very much resemble in their appearance and movements—no doubt to their great advantage, for ants are not often interfered with.

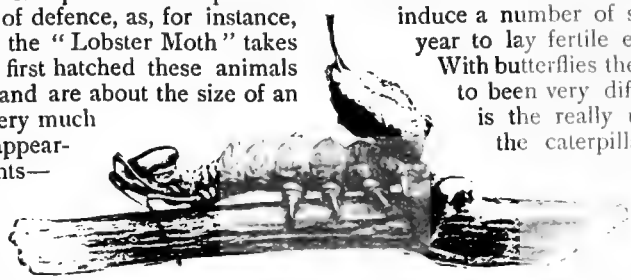
When grown a bit, and resting with legs retracted and head thrown back, the "Lobster" may easily be taken for a withered leaf of its favourite food plant, the beech. On the farm it is fed on apple. Should the insect be irritated, it displays its well developed legs, and assumes an attitude that gives the effect of a great spider preparing to attack the intruder.

The "Puss Moth" larva is much pestered by ichneumon flies, which lay their eggs upon it, and bring certain death when the grubs hatch out of the eggs and feed upon the juices of the caterpillar. The latter not only has the power of squirting formic acid over its enemies, but it is provided with two pink whips at its hinder end, which it can wave with the effect of frightening them away.

The air of Scarborough is so fresh that several of the larger caterpillars come to maturity later than they do inland and down south. Indeed, the privet and lilac trees, upon which the handsome "Privet Hawk" caterpillar feeds, have to be protected with glass frames when the insects are being reared, or the bracing sea breezes would be too much for them.

In the glass house, where some of the choicer varieties are kept, the great chrysalides of our largest British insect, the "Death's-head Moth," are stored. When I visited the place these insects were beginning to make their appearance. They will, when touched, display their big bodies and utter a weird squeaking noise, caused by rubbing together the two halves of their honey-sucking proboscis.

Collectors have long been able not only to rear moths from the larval stage, but also to induce a number of species year after year to lay fertile eggs in captivity. With butterflies the case has hitherto been very different, and what is the really unique work of the caterpillar farm is the production of butterflies. It is here that Mr. Head's special knowledge and skill have been



When young the "Lobster" caterpillar very much resembles an ant; later on it may be easily taken for a withered leaf of its favourite food, the beech.

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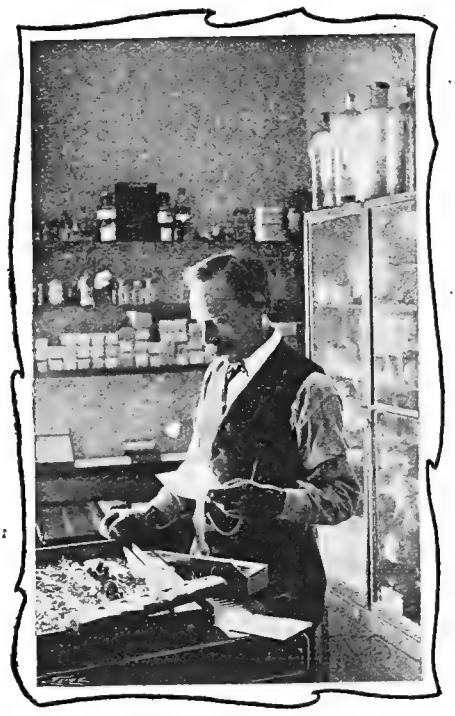

Mr. Head, the proprietor of the caterpillar farm, making up an order from the set stock.

brought into play, and success has been gained in this way :—

The adult butterflies are kept in spacious inclosures formed of light frames covered with mosquito netting or similar material. These, in turn, are protected by well ventilated glass houses. In the bottom of the cages there grow in the soil, or sometimes in pots, the food plants for the caterpillars and numerous flowers from which the winged insects may sip the honey upon which they live. It should be said at once that it is practically impossible to provide enough flowers to supply the hosts of fine butterflies which are to be seen in their season. Artificial feeding has in consequence to be resorted to. Honey may be smeared on to some of the flowers, or in some cases, as in that of the rare "Camberwell Beauties," it is found that the insects will sip the nectar from the bottom of a flower-pot or saucer through the holes in the mosquito netting. Ten or twelve pounds of honey disappear during the year, most of it clover honey, but for some insects with special tastes heather honey has to be procured.

Nearly all the British butterflies have been successfully mated and their offspring reared

The "Privet Hawk" caterpillar, a large and handsome insect. It is bright green with pure white stripes running down its back.

The "Privet Hawk" moth and its newly-laid eggs.

by Mr. Head. It is, of course, to the rarer species that most attention is paid. A stray "Swallowtail" may be occasionally met with on the Broads, but think of seeing forty or more disporting themselves in their sunny house at Scarborough!

In small cages within the big glass house we find the "Commas," the "marbled whites," and a crowd of other butterflies, including even the common "meadow browns." Here and there the pretty insects flit, stopping now and again to deposit an egg on the food plant or in a less desirable

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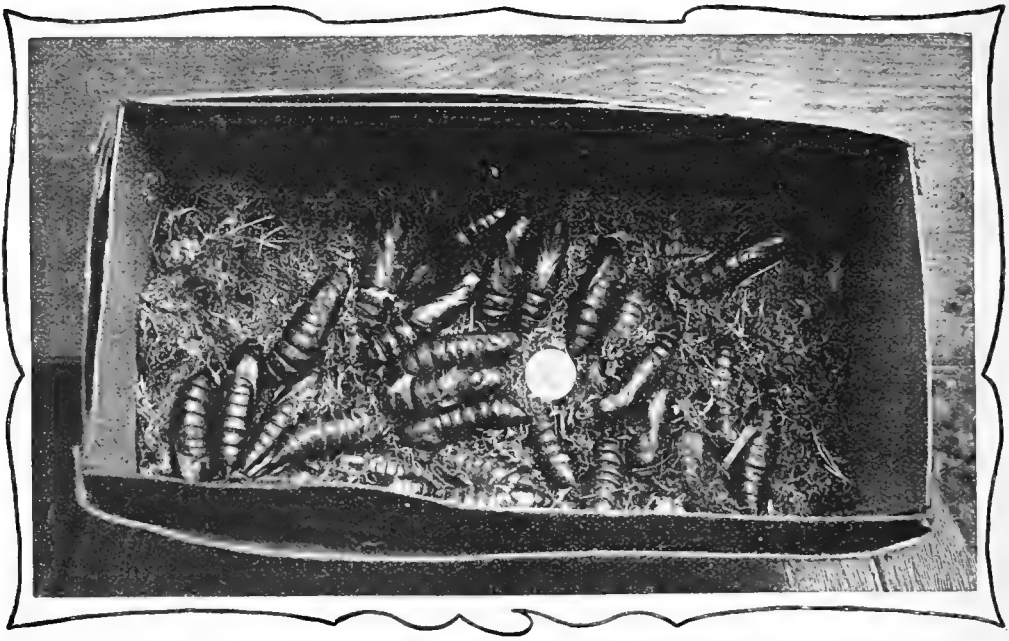
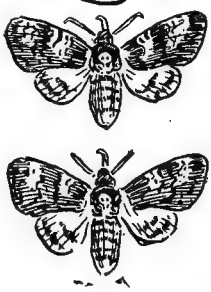
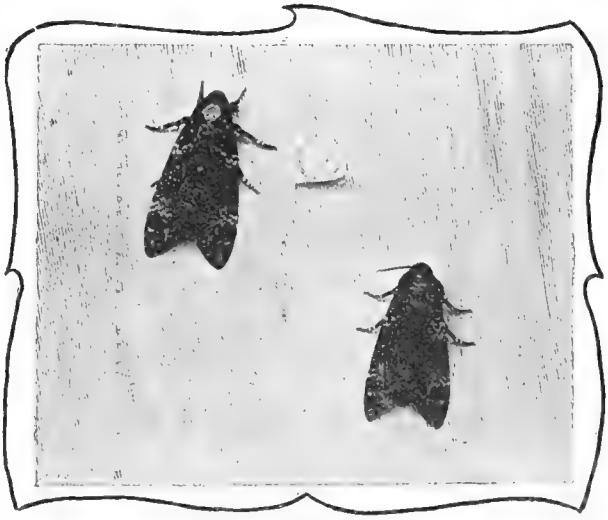


A box containing the chrysalises of the famous and rare "Death's-head" moth. They are very large, as the shilling placed in the centre of the box will show.



position on the netting. All the eggs have to be collected before the ubiquitous earwigs devour them. Earwigs are within doors as great a pest to the caterpillar farmer as cats are without. Cats seem to take a delight in tearing down the "sleeves" and turning loose the choicest broods of larvæ.

The eggs, as may well be imagined, are a very important part of the business, and no fewer than two hundred thousand pass through Mr. Head's hands in the year. Many of those laid by the larger moths can easily be seen with the naked eye, but their full beauties are only to be made out with the help of a microscope.



Two "Death's-head" moths.

A few insects like the "Brimstone," "Red Admiral," and "Tortoiseshell" butterflies hide themselves during the winter, and come out again in the spring. Many species, however, face the cold weather in the egg, and numerous others as chrysalides. Insects in all their various stages are marketable, and the usual stock of the farm is as follows:—

Caterpillars in their season, **twenty thousand**; chrysalides in the winter, half this number, and eggs nearly three times as many. In reserve are from thirty to forty thousand preserved insects, so that butterflies and moths can be supplied irrespective of the time of year.

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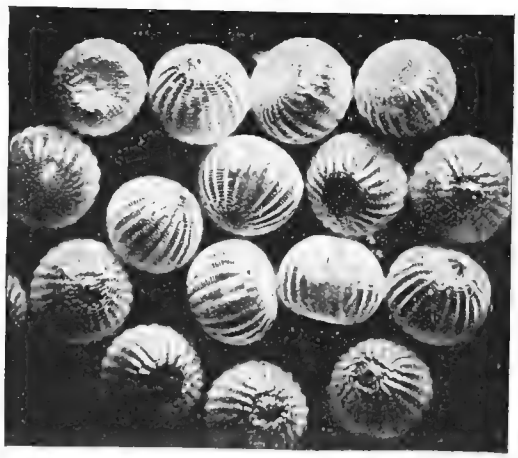
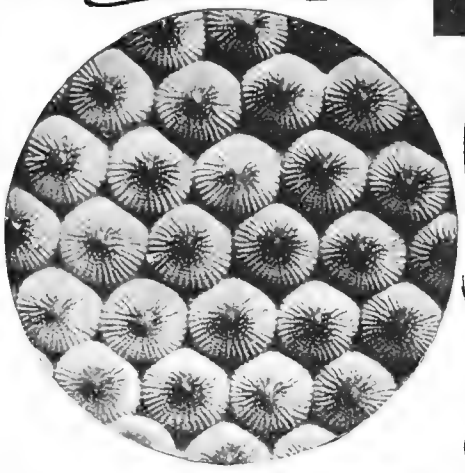
Mr. Head adopts the following methods when he wishes to secure the young caterpillars of certain species which live in the heather. He sallies out at night with an acetylene lantern strapped to his chest, and armed with a "net," the sight of which alone is enough to make one's arms ache. It has a sturdy oak handle, and a heavy rim of wrought iron, the material of the "net" being thick mackintosh sheeting. With this instrument Mr. Head sweeps the damp heather by the hour together, and obtains valuable stock for his farm.



The eggs of the "Feathered Gothic." These eggs are greatly magnified. Naturally, thirty in a row go to the inch.

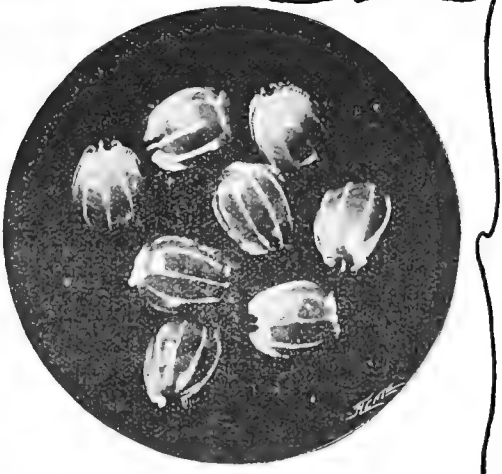


These are the eggs of the "Common Quaker." Forty of these eggs go to the inch.

The prices which the insects command are somewhat as follows: Many you can get for threepence, or even twopence; a "Purple Emperor," among butterflies, will cost you half-a-crown; a "Death's-head Moth," two shillings; while smaller, but rare species, may fetch five shillings, seven-and-sixpence, or even half-a-sovereign.

In conclusion, one might point out that, it having been proved that butterflies may be successfully kept in captivity, a new field is opened up to those who are fond of watching things grow and take a pleasure in the beauties of living creatures The extent to which flowers are now cultivated merely as a hobby is, when we come to look into the matter, little short of marvellous, while the amount of care, trouble, and money lavished upon special kinds is exceedingly great.

Why should we not take up insects, which vie with plants in interest and eclipse their blossoms in beauty? Think how many children have added to their enjoyment by keeping common silkworms, which come to but an insignificant moth.



Photos by F. N. Clark.

The eggs of the "Red Admiral." These eggs are shown twenty times their natural size.

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By William MacLeod Raine.

What say — double the stakes?" asked Portancherry.

"Done!" cried Selwyn.

"No, no," I put in. "They're high enough for me as they stand."

"Rat it, for me, too! I've dropped a cool two thousand since I sat down," said Walleck gloomily.

"Cramped?" asked Portancherry, with that insolent sneer on his face I had learned to hate.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I ain't, but when I lose I always pay, my lord," I answered tartly, and noticed that I had flicked him on the raw.

Granby had just arrived very drunk from Will's coffee-house, and he guffawed extravagantly at my words. The others took up the laugh with the exception of Portancherry, who scowled in a prodigious ill humour at me. He had a bitter tongue had Portancherry, but he suffered torment when people laughed at him instead of with him.

Beau Nash craned forward his head and looked down the table.

"Ah—er! To change the—er—topic, I'll thank somebody to—er—that is for the loan of my snuff-box," he simpered.

Nobody answered him, and again he lisped his question, without avail. George Selwyn rang an imaginary bell in imitation of the town-crier.

"Give ear, give ear, give ear, good people all!" he drawled. "Whereas, one most choice jewelled snuff-box, presented to Jimmy Nash by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, curiously wrought with dancing fairies on the cover, was but lately passed from hand to hand for inspection, and has since been lost; be it therefore known to all whom it may concern that a suitable reward will be given for its return by the said—Oh, hang the rest! What do I get for crying it, Jimmie?"

Every man affirmed his ignorance of the whereabouts of the box. We looked under the tables and examined every place where it could have been mislaid.

"'Slife! The thing is bewitched, and has vanished into air," suggested Cibber.

"Or the fairies on the cover have spread their wings and flown away with it," proposed Selwyn.

"Art sure you haven't got the thing in your pocket, Nash?" asked Lord Portancherry with his habitual sneer.

"Lard no! Last time I saw it, 'twas in your hands, old man," answered Nash, with such innocence that I chuckled at his hit.

"If you mean—" began his lordship reddening.

"He doesn't mean that, Port. I'll take oath you handed the thing to me, and that I passed it on to Plunket," said Cibber.

Plunket shrugged his shoulders. "I gave it to Jack."

"And I turned the thing over to Harry Haddon."

"Quite true," I admitted. "And I—"

"Burn me, I wish the thing had stayed in the jeweller's shop before it interfered with our game!" cried Portancherry.

"It has been abused enough in the past four minutes to carry it down to the right circle of Dante's Inferno," laughed Selwyn. "I suppose your pious friends would tell you that White's gambling rooms are well on the road to the abode of the wicked, my lord."

"There have been no servants in the room since—"

Cibber got so far and then stopped, startled at the implication in his words.

Egad, you might have cut the silence with a knife. Each man looked at his neighbour out of an accusing, furtive face while each sought to dissimulate all suspicion, looked for an instant and then turned away in

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embarrassment. We were so sheepish a lot you might have taken us for cut-purses caught in the act. Even my sour, wooden-faced neighbour, Fairfax Westcott, showed disturbance. My cousin, Rom Haddon, was playing picquet at the next table, and the cards lay where he had dealt them, the game suspended with one consent. At the loo and quinze tables it was the same.

There were men in the room, and more than one or two, who would have rooked their own fathers without qualm at any game of hazard and counted no trick too low to use so only it were not found out; but to steal a snuff-box! The thing was unthinkable. It was to bracket one's self with every common cut-purse.

"Fie, fie! For shame! confess—confess. For shame!" croaked a hoarse voice behind us.

We started guiltily, then joined in a roar of laughter that relieved the strain. The voice belonged to the coffee-house jackdaw, and the sage old bird was perched on the mantel, with its head cocked wisely to one side, winking at us out of one leering eye. "Rat me if I don't wring that bird's neck some day," quavered Cibber peevishly.

"Well, now—s'help me!—if the bird hasn't given me an idea, you know," cried one exquisite in black satin breeches and flowered silver coat.

Selwyn gravely took out his notebook and entered the date.

"A date to be remembered," he explained, with composure. "Beau Plunket gets an idea!"

"Some one, you know, must have the snuff-box! La! the thing must be somewhere, sink it," said Plunket.

"Elucidation of the idea," commented Selwyn solemnly.

"And so, gentlemen, I move—stab me if I don't—that we all search each other—and—and—search each other, you know," he ended weakly.

"Revolutionary idea sets an unprepared world on fire," chorused Selwyn gloomily.

"You needn't laugh, Selwyn. Hang it, you know I never said I was clever."

Selwyn laughed. "Well, I can't remember ever hearing anybody else slander you that way, either, Plunk," he said.

George Selwyn rang an imaginary bell in imitation of the town-crier.

But Plunket's suggestion had fallen pat, nevertheless. The feeling was strong that the matter should be threshed out, lest suspicion rest unjustly. None knew but that some chance word or meaning shrug of the shoulders might throw the odium upon him, after proof of innocence was impossible. For that reason the plan was agreed to clamorously.

"And who shall play the part of the catch-poll?" asked Cibber.

"Let Harry Haddon. He has emptied all our pockets so often at hazard and quinze that he will have the knack of the thing," said Walleck, grinning over at me.

"Agreed! agreed! Let Haddon play beak," the others shouted, and, despite my protests, they made me improvise the part of Jonathan Wild.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," I heard Portancherry murmur in Cibber's ear.

"Sir!" I thundered, swinging round on him savagely.

"He said he hoped you would catch the

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thief," was the suave lie with which Cibber checkmated me.

I bowed stiffly, and then fell to work, after I had first been searched myself. When I had finished with each man he moved across the room to the other side. Among those I went through were one duke of the royal blood, two lords, three baronets, and divers country gentlemen living in town, who had never before been so manhandled. Conceive the secrets of upholstering I learned, of padded chests and limbs, of waists tight-laced to the point of suffocation. I tore the disguise from many a well-set, gallant figure, known only to his tailor and his valet for the shrunken fraud he was. Yet so careful of their feelings was I that none save myself suspected the bales of cotton wadding I came across.

The macaronis made a social function out of the affair, and as it proceeded joked me and each other with the gayest abandon in the world, betting freely on whether the box would be found at all, and if so, whether among the first ten searched, the second ten, or the last ten.

"Gadzooks, he looks guilty!" one would cry cheerfully, as a fresh victim appeared to face the ordeal of levelled eyeglasses and merry badinage flung at him. "His knees do tremble under him, i' faith."

"Fie, fie! For shame! Confess—confess. For shame!" another would cry.

Walleck came up in his turn smiling. "I vow 'twill take but a short time to search me. Port and Selwyn have already cleaned me out."

But there was one man who feared the test. His set, ghastly smile was the mask a schoolboy wears when his master is about to thrash him, and it was plain to me that he hung back to the last. The man was Faixfax Westcott, my neighbour in the country, whose estate adjoined mine across the river on the south.

I did not know the man well, for I had spent the burden of my life in town, while he remained in the country. We had never been friends, I being too gay a liver to suit him; but I had never heard any harm of him save that he hugged his pennies till they grew warm before he parted with them.

Though I knew him to be deuced hard-up, I could hardly credit him with such a thing as this. Westcott had not been playing himself, but had been leaning over my cousin Tom's chair watching the play. I remember that it was at that table the golden toy had last been seen; and what ailed him, I asked myself, that he had gone so white if he had nothing to conceal? Nor was I the only one who noticed that he was shirking the search. I saw Portancherry's cold, steely eyes fastened on him with the ominous smile lurking about his mouth. When Lord Portancherry smiled, I always made it a point to mistrust him.

Yet awhile, and the ordeal was no longer to be avoided by Westcott. He came up with a harassed faced, doggedly sullen.

"I shall not allow myself to be searched in public. I did not take the snuff-box, nor shall i submit to the indignity," were his first words.

A flicker of excitement ran through the room. Eye signalled eye an instantaneous flash of understanding. Meaning nods and coughs were exchanged. Westcott had condemned himself.

"Is this resolution not a trifle late, Mr. Westcott?" asked Portancherry suavely. "You will remember that we have submitted to this—ah!—indignity already."

"It matters not. I refuse," then, a moment later, with a tremor in his voice; "I have—private reasons of my own for declining—not connected at all with the matter in hand."

"Indeed!"

There was a world of meaning in the word, of insinuation and mockery and doubt; and the insulting, dare-devil smile with which he accompanied it drew the hot blood to Westcott's face.

"And I insist upon my right to leave the room unsearched," continued Westcott stiffly.

Portancherry bowed low to him. "Your right to do so is not to be denied. To insist upon that right may be—unwise."

"Nevertheless, I insist."

"Ah!" Portancherry was standing near the door, and he flung it open to let the other pass out, then drew back ostentatiously to make way, gathering close the skirts of his coat that Westcott might not brush against them.

Fairfax Westcott's lean face was aflame with anger. He was snatched quite out of the cold composure which was his usual manner. His fingers trembled and his voice shook as he turned at the door.

"I would give all I am worth for a meeting with you, my lord."

The impudent smile was in evidence again. "I do not cross swords with a ——"

Portancherry did not finish the sentence. He had a knack of implication, of stopping just short of something that one could seize upon as a handle for a quarrel, yet all the time his manner might be the most offensive conceivable.

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"Gadzooks, he looks guilty!" one would cry cheerfully, as a fresh victim appeared to face the ordeal.

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"With a what, my lord?"

His lordship shrugged his shoulders. "Better let sleeping dogs lie," he drawled, and turned on his heel.

Now, though Portancherry was doubtless in the right of it, yet the man so grated on me that I was itching to interfere on the side where my sympathies had ranged themselves. Westcott was my neighbour; he was new to the town, and after all I was not satisfied of his guilt. But I knew if he went out of that door unsearched his sentence would never be reversed. He would be branded with the mark "Thief!" as plainly as if it were burned on his forehead, nor could he ever wipe it out, lived he as long as Adam. Therefore I intervened.

"One moment, Mr. Westcott! I call to mind that you used the words 'public search.' Was it a slip of the tongue, or will you submit to a private investigation?"

He considered a moment, then signified acceptance of my suggestion.

"And who shall act for us in the matter?" asked Cibber.

Perhaps Westcott read the friendliness in my eye.

"Mr. Harry Haddon will be satisfactory to me," he answered.

"Mr. Harry Haddon has had experience enough in cutting purses for one night," I laughed. But I moved forward with him into the inner room.

"Two to one in ponies he finds it on him," I heard Portancherry cry.

"Done," answered Walleck.

A dozen bets were flung across the room ere I could close the door. The last words I heard were Granby's drunken warning:

"Don't let him bi-bilk you, Harry."

Westcott took a paper package from his pocket and placed it on the table. I searched him, and came across nothing but a patched undershirt beneath the fine brocaded coat. Then I understood his conduct.

"Well, do you find it?" he asked with a pale smile.

"No, it is not on your person," I answered; then I pointed to the package on the table. "As a mere matter of form, I suppose you will have no objection to my looking through that?"

He flushed, but made a gesture of assent.

I opened it to find—a wing and drumstick of a cold roast fowl. You may imagine I started at my find with liveliest interest.

"I' faith, Westcott, you have a pretty queer fancy in larders," I attempted lightly. "Do you always carry your pantry with you provisioned for a siege?"

"Egad! You look hard hit, old man," I told him frankly.

He tried to laugh, but broke down in the attempt. The facts were so plain that all attempts at illusion on my part were worse than useless. I flatter myself that I am a man of resource, and I tried another tack. Seated on the table with my hands in my pockets and one leg dangling in space, I began anew the tack, with as much composure as if it were a daily habit of mine to fish fragments of fowl from the pockets of my friends. No longer did I try to ignore the gaunt poverty that stared at me, but strove rather to put myself in touch with it and him.

"Egad! You look hard hit, old man," I told him frankly. "You mind me of the shifts to which I was put in the governor's time once when we had a row. I vow you're not a match to what I was; out at elbows, toes and stomach. Faith, I was for renting myself to some Farmer Hodge for a scarecrow. But why not let a neighbour know you were short-shipped? I take it monstrous ill of you, man. Dash it, we have been next door to each other 200 years, have the

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Westcotts and the Haddons! D'ye think I don't remember that your great-uncle married my grandfather's cousin?"

'Twas a revenge out of a thousand. He had made me a text through the county for many a lay sermon on the local prodigal son, and here was I offering help to him when his pious friends were standing aloof. Some such foolish notion must have come to him, for the tears were in his eyes when he offered me his hand. He would have me know that he had wronged me, and more of the same kind.

Presently out came his story. As I knew, his father and his grandfather had lived high and gamed mortgage after mortgage upon the estate. At his father's death Fairfax Westcott had set himself resolutely to clear the estate. A portion of his income he had set aside for the use of his sister, and the major part he had turned over to his creditors.

He did not tell me of the shifts he had been put to in order to keep soul and body together, but, from the single example I had discovered, his manner of life may be guessed. It appeared that one of the cooks at White's had formerly been a servant to the Westcott family, and from him had come the remnants of food, in the paper package, which would otherwise have been thrown away.

Before we left the room an arrangement satisfactory to both parties had been agreed upon by us. The overseer of my large estate had lately died, and I was casting about for another one to take his place. I knew Fairfax Westcott to be a good manager, since in five years he had almost lifted the mortgages from his own place. I put it to him as a personal favour that he would undertake the management of my place as well as his own upon the same terms as my former factor, and when he saw that it would be to my advantage he jumped at the chance.

Once more he shook hands impulsively with me before we joined the rest, and thanked his lucky stars that he had selected me to search him. I told him 'twas I who was in luck in having done so good a stroke of business, but one thing I assured him heartily, that his new valet would not peach and make the story town tattle for the macaronis to titter over.

Our entrance stirred a buzz of interest in

We met under the chill morning sky on the slippery grass, our seconds fighting by our sides.

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the gaming room. One or two games that had started anew came to a sudden end, and bloods who lounged indolently to and fro halted in immediate attention. They might have read the verdict in my companion's changed appearance. He was another man from the one that had passed into the inner room with me ten minutes before. Then he had looked ready to hang himself; but now 'twas an erect, clear-eyed young Hercules that faced the languid gentlemen of fashion, one who would give back a step to no man.

"Where's the snuff-box?" rasped out Cibber.

"Gentlemen, I have the honour to report that the mystery of the snuff-box is still unsolved. Mr. Westcott is as guiltless as you or I."

"'Slife! Here's a prodigious sell. Where is the confounded thing, then?" asked Plunket.

Portancherry's cold voice cut into the silence that followed.

"May I ask, then, why he was not willing to be searched like the rest of us?"

"You may ask, certainly."

"I understand you to mean that you will not answer me?"

"You take my meaning exactly, my lord—unless it be an answer to say that the reason is one which reflects nothing but credit upon Mr. Westcott."

"No doubt in the world of it," he murmured ironically. "But I fear the town will talk. 'Tis a censorious world."

"It will talk under its breath, then," said Westcott coldly.

"Indeed?" with polite insolence.

I looked meaningly at him. "Personally, I presume, you are quite satisfied, my lord?"

Portancherry arranged his ruffles carefully, and flicked a speck of dust from them with a scented kerchief.

"Oh, Lud! Since you ask, personally I don't believe a word of what you say."

A murmur of excitement buzzed over the room at his words. I was well pleased at his answer, for I had him where I had wanted him for many months. Noted duellist as he was, I believed myself a match for him.

"Will the rear of Montague House suit you, or would you prefer the 'ring' at Hyde Park?" I asked.

"All one to me," he murmured languidly. "Shall we say the Park at daybreak? 'Tis more convenient to my rooms. Our seconds can arrange the details."

We met under the chill morning sky on the slippery grass, our seconds fighting by our side. Luck was with us handsomely. Fairfax Westcott fleshed Plunket after a few passes. Lord Portancherry and I fought with acrimony a long ten minutes, but in the end I pinked him savagely in the arm.

He never killed another man, for blood poisoning set in, and the doctors found it necessary to amputate his sword arm. The story is that he raved like a madman when he was told what he must expect, and swore that he would die a hundred deaths first. Yet he walked the streets with his sleeve pinned to his coat some months later, and those who had old scores to settle with my lord took care to inquire solicitously after his health.

The day after the duel Cibber was describing the meeting to a circle of listeners at White's. He laid his glasses by his side to make his story more vivid by gesticulation. Presently he looked up just in time to see the jackdaw hopping toward the chimney with the gold-rimmed spectacles in his beak. A sweep was sent for, and in the jackdaw's hiding-place far up the chimney were found three silver spoons, one gold sovereign, a crown, a shilling, a jewelled brooch, a pair of ivory dice—and Beau Nash's snuff-box!

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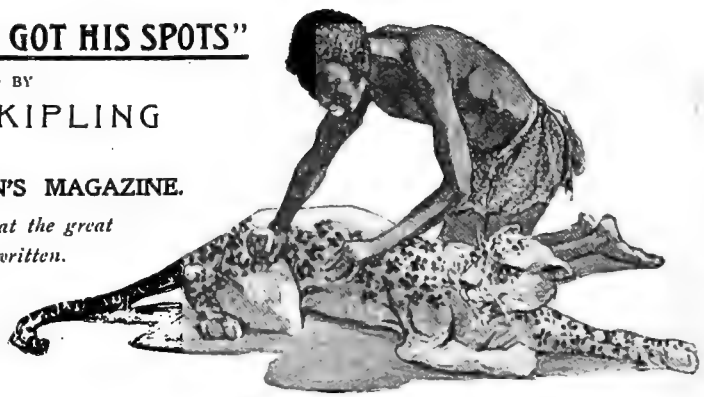

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On Three Occasions.

When very young I met a maid,
A dainty little miss;
I know I blushed when mother said,
"Now, Jack, give *her* a kiss!"

And later, in a garden's hush,
Beyond the dance's whirl,
I sought her lips—there came a blush,—
But this time to the girl.

One summer eve we walked alone
Among the highland heather:
How very bold love must have grown—
For lo! we blushed together.

J. J. Bell

Google

My Vis-a-Vis

By Owen Borderman.

Thirty years ago, when I was lighter in foot and purse—ay, and perhaps lighter in heart as well—than I am now, I was "on the road," travelling for a large London tea-house. People didn't buy their "Congou" in flaring lead packets in those days, and the post of tea traveller to a good firm was a nice thing; we thought no small beer of ourselves, and considered that we ranked as the first flight of the bagman fraternity. My ground was the south-west of England, and very pleasant ground it was; fine country, and fine old-fashioned towns, with good solid tradesmen and first-rate inns. I stood high in the favour of my firm and of my customers too; I was a bachelor, heart-whole as yet, and found life a very enjoyable affair.

One sultry afternoon towards the end of August I found myself with a brief holiday before me, which I intended to spend with the old folks at my home in Chester. I had come up to town from the West on the previous day, had spent the morning in Mincing Lane, and was now released and ready for the journey North. I consulted the time-table and found an express due to leave Euston in about an hour's time. That would suit me well.

I turned into a confectioner's for a cup of tea and then made my way to the terminus.

I sent a telegram to my mother giving her the time of my arrival at home, an attention which I knew she appreciated, and, this done, went in search of my train. I was an extravagant chap in those days, fond of my ease and a bit of luxury, and I not unfrequently supplemented out of my pocket the firm's second class ticket allowance, and rode "first." In this case when I was bound solely on pleasure I should have been wiser to go on the cheap; but like a fool I chose to swagger, and so put down my gold for a "first return."

I walked up and down the platform for some five minutes without choosing a carriage, for I was particular about my company. I flattered myself on being somewhat of a ladies' man; at all events I always courted their society, and I was waiting till some of the fair sex should begin to select seats before I appropriated a corner. Three or four hours in a railway carriage always seemed to me to pass more quickly if there was a pleasant feminine presence to look at—perhaps to exchange civilities with.

Passengers in twos and threes came up and took their seats. Sportsmen bound for moor or stubble; "commercials" like myself; the hundred-and-one types of travellers one sees any day at a London terminus; but, as it happened, very few ladies. The train was beginning to fill; vacant corners were growing scarcer every minute. Rather disgusted at the lack of specially attractive company, I took my seat in a corner of the only first class compartment still empty.

At that moment I noticed among the crowd of porters, passengers, and idlers on the platform three people coming hurriedly from the direction of the booking-office. The first was a tall, ascetic-looking clergyman, with thin, well-marked features above a long flowing beard. He carried a small black bag, and looked as if he were bound on a Friday-to-Monday visit of pleasure or "duty." After a hasty walk up the platform he

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returned and took a seat in my compartment at the end farthest from the platform and me, and unfolded an evening paper.

A moment later the two other people I had seen, and who had been delayed for a few minutes by a visit to the refreshment rooms, came up. The one was an elderly woman in widow's weeds, with a tired looking face, which the sombre drapery of her dress threw into pale relief. These were all the details of her appearance which I caught before I glanced from her to her companion.

"This will do, Nurse," said a full sweet voice. I looked at the speaker, and met the eyes of one of the most lovely girls I had ever seen, or for that matter, have ever seen since.

It was what we call with just pride a thoroughly English face. An almost perfect oval, a complexion of roses and cream, touched now with the warmth of the summer's sun and exhibiting a rich, evenly-spread tinge of brown; the complexion of a girl who had not feared to trust herself unveiled to the sun and breezes of the English coast. Thick brown hair, with a ripple of sunlight flashing through it, as she turned her head; heavily shaded grey-blue eyes; a figure worthy of being draped by Worth himself, and little hands and feet perfectly gloved and shod. Indeed, she might have posed as a "daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

"This will do very nicely, Nurse," she repeated, stepping lightly in. "Let me see, which way do we go? Oh, yes, of course, how stupid I am." So, evidently wishing to travel backwards, and the clergyman occupying the "back to the engine" corner seat on the far side, she placed a small travelling bag opposite me and stepped out again on to the platform.

She chatted vivaciously with "Nurse" for a minute or two, and then, the ticket inspector coming round, she took her seat, and as the train moved off, nodded and smiled "goodbye" through the window.

Here was a companion to my taste indeed. To prompt inquiries as to her wishes with regard to the window, she answered not with the awkward monosyllables of the recently emancipated schoolgirl—she could not have been more than nineteen or twenty—but with the smiling eagerness of one who seemed rather to wish for conversation.

You may fancy that it was a wish I was by no means slow to gratify. Weather, scenery and the usual topics gave place to gossip of theatres and concerts, and discussions on the merits of actors and actresses. I was rather great at amateur theatricals myself in those days. In short I soon found myself delightfully at my ease with her. The parson read his paper steadily, and we were practically *tête-à-tête*.

With the chit-chat of the theatres my fair companion seemed particularly well acquainted. Once or twice she let drop scraps of information which were news to me, ardent and regular theatre-goer though I was. At last in reply to one or two delicately veiled leading questions she tacitly admitted her connection with the stage.

From this moment my heart began to beat wildly. Oh, you may laugh at the idea of love at first sight; wait till you are a victim yourself. Had I only seen the girl for a moment, passed her in the street, caught sight of her in a crowd, that beautiful face would have haunted me for many a long day. But the two hours I had spent with her, listening to her soft rich voice, sunning myself in her smiles, had completely enslaved me, and I was by this time over head and ears in love.

It was folly, of course; and till I had discovered her connection with the "boards" I had been fully alive to the folly; for in spite of her ease and charming freedom of manner, I had all the time taken her for some *grande dame*, who would be met at her journey's end by a carriage and pair with obsequious cockade-hatted servants and perhaps a coronet on the panels; I might hand her from the compartment; she would throw me a smiling glance of thanks; and that would be the end.

But an actress. That was quite another matter. Surely a thriving tea-traveller might aspire to an actress on her probation, for she could not be far beyond that stage or I should have recognised her. My idol seemed suddenly to come within my reach. I determined that when we parted it should not be for ever.

At Rugby I was allowed to fetch my fair friend a cup of tea to sip at her ease in the carriage; page-boys did not then bring a meal round on india-rubber-wheeled trucks. The clerical gentleman put his bag in his seat and walked up and down the platform. I had been hoping for the last half-hour that he might leave us to ourselves here, but it seemed I was to be disappointed. However, the train moved off again without any addition to our party, which was something to be thankful for; a carriage full would have been fatal to my schemes.

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Cautiously, but persistently, I threw an initiatory tenderness into my words and tones, sinking my voice and watching anxiously for any signs of resentment. I had left my window-seat with an excuse about draughts and evening air at which I almost blushed, for I was as strong as a horse, and had seated myself between my lady friend and the parson, a position which lent itself better to confidential talk than my former one. The gentleman of the white tie still perused his paper diligently as though oblivious of our presence; or perhaps, I thought, he had a fellow feeling and a kindly heart.

My advances were not repulsed; faint shy smiles and a tender colouring of her cheeks met my fond looks and words; and when, as we neared Crewe, I handed her my card bearing a pencilled request that we might meet again, she gave me a quick glance as she just traced the answer, "If you like," below my message. Her uncle, she had mentioned at an earlier stage of our acquaintance, was to join her at Crewe and accompany her to Scotland.

My foretaste of bliss was drawing to its close and I was becoming anxious to know the name and abode of my charmer. Smitten and enchanted, I was nevertheless beginning to feel as we approached the junction, that I had been precipitate, to say the least. Moreover, the lady, though she had slipped my card with its appealing message into her bag, did not seem inclined to return my confidence. However, she might do so yet.

The platform lamps flashed by, each more slowly than the last; I rose to take my hat and bag from the rack, and as I turned again towards the girl, something white shone in her hand. My heart leapt high. It was the coveted "paste-board." I bent towards her and she slipped it into my palm, glancing furtively as she did so at the parson; but he was folding up his newspaper and making evident preparations for alighting.

The train stopped.

"There is my uncle," she cried, and following her eyes with mine I saw a tall figure in an Inverness cloak, and, which struck me for the moment as strange considering the weather and the time of year, a silk scarf wrapped closely round chin, mouth and nostrils. He was gazing searchingly up and down the carriages and evidently did not see his niece.

She half sprang from her seat to leave the carriage, but at that moment he caught sight of her and came forward. The clergyman was behind me waiting to alight. Desperately I seized the girl's hand, pressed it and jumped out. The uncle glanced at me somewhat sharply as I passed him almost on the step. The next moment I heard a stifled gasping cry, and turned. The girl had, I suppose, put her hands on his shoulders to kiss him; now with ashen-pale face and lips, and eyes full of terror she was pushing him from her, while both his hands held her wrists.

My advances were not repulsed.

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I sprang to interfere, but the man's words arrested me. "Now come quietly please, it's no use to struggle! we've got your uncle."

He half dragged, half lifted her from the carriage.

The clergyman followed, and to my surprise I saw that he was carrying her hand bag. He met my eye and smiled coolly.

"What—what is this?" I stammered as he was following the man and his prisoner to the waiting-room.

"Diamonds," was the enigmatical reply, as he elbowed his way through the little crowd that had begun to gather.

Ten minutes later I was standing with my brain in a whirl by the Chester train, when the seeming cleric joined me. With a meaning smile he held out the slip of pasteboard which bore my name and appeal.

"I daresay you'd just as soon this didn't get overhauled with the rest of the lady's effects, young gentleman," he said as I took it mechanically. "It's lucky for you that I saw you give it to her—and the whole affair indeed, or else awkward things might have been said.

"Detective? Oh yes. My get-up was fairly successful to-night. We've been on her track for some few days and got a 'cert' about it this morning, and also about her uncle or cousin, or husband or whatever he is, who has worked round through Bristol with half the stuff, to lessen the risk. Two of our men arrested him half-an-hour ago; it was a smart idea of one of them to dress up in Barron's—that's his name or alias—coat and scarf to make the woman give herself away."

"What stuff do you mean?"

"Why the stolen diamonds from that Bond Street jeweller's. She has been behind the counter there for the last six months with forged references and all the rest of it; got the keys, took the stones from the safe and—there you are. You off? Well good-night, sir, and, excuse me, but however pretty their faces are, always have a regular introduction."

She was pushing him from her, while both his hands held her wrists.

One thing the detective's sharp eyes had missed; the card the girl gave me. I took it from my breast pocket, and without looking at name or address I burnt it to a curling feathery leaf with a vesta. I saw some weeks later the account of the trial of Edward and Alice Barron, alias etc., etc.

It seemed that the girl had, during her six months behind the jeweller's counter, carefully got up a pale face, dark circled eyes, etc. Once off with the stones she had liberally padded a naturally thin figure, added two inches to her height by patent shoes, and employed other feminine arts. Thus disguised, a week at a small south coast watering place with "Nurse," who by the way was never traced, had lent a rich tan to her face, and made recognition less likely, but, as it proved, possible.

I suppose that she and the detective both kept their own counsel as to my share in the drama, and I have done so till to-night.

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MAGIC FOR THE MILLION

BY C. LANG NEIL

Some Simple Tricks that everyone can perform.

Fig. 1

A SIMPLE BALANCING FEAT.—Stick the blade of a knife into a pencil. By altering the angle made by the knife-haft and blade, the pencil may be made to assume a perpendicular or a nearly horizontal position.

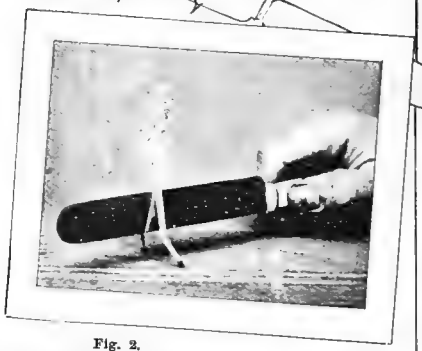

Fig. 2.

WALKING APPARITION.—Two match-sticks are joined together at the end, one end being sharpened and wedged into a slit in the other, and each bent in the middle. With a bit of cardboard, cut out a figure of a man and fix it in a slit at the junction of the matches. Then place it on the edge of the knife. The vibration of the steadiest hand will cause it to move to the edge of the blade either backwards or forwards according to whether the blade be kept slanted upwards or downwards.

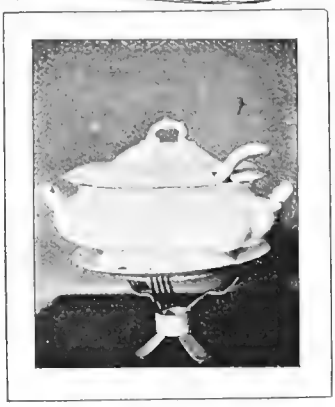

Fig. 3.

A SOUP TUREEN STAND.—A novel and quickly-made soup tureen stand may be fixed up with a serviette ring, three forks, and a plate. Once properly fixed, there is no danger of the stand collapsing.

Fig. 4.

TO BALANCE A PLATE ON A NEEDLE.—Slice a couple of corks into halves and lace them on the edge of a plate as shown. The needle is pushed through another cork, and the latter tightly fixed into a bottle. The plate is placed on the needle, and when a balance is obtained, you may spin it round.

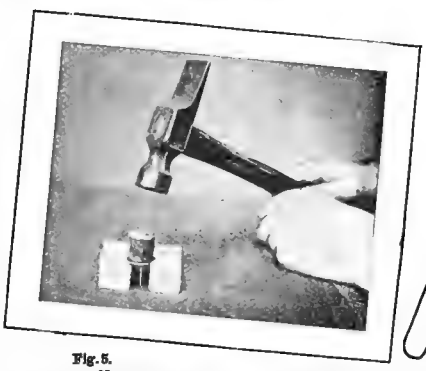

Fig. 5.

DRIVING A NEEDLE THROUGH A HALFPENNY.—Drive a needle through the centre of half a cork until the point just comes out at the other end. Cut off with pliers the eye end of the needle flush with the cork. Place a halfpenny on two small blocks of wood and your cork and needle upon the halfpenny, point side downwards. Hold cork in position and tap with hammer on top side of cork. The needle will gradually be driven right through the halfpenny.

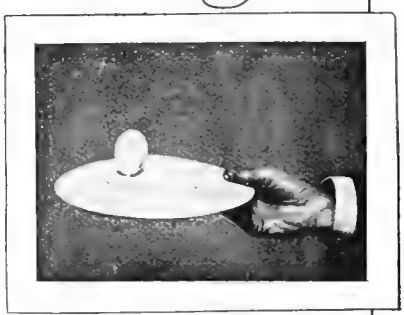

Fig. 6.

SPINNING AN EGG.—To do this, a gentle, revolving motion, gradually increasing, is necessary. The egg should be boiled hard. When boiling, place the larger end of the egg bottommost, and keep it in that position in the saucepan. This causes a vacuum at the top narrow end of the egg, so accentuating the extra weight of the larger.

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Fig. 7.

BLOWING A CORK INTO A BOTTLE.—A small-sized cork should be placed into the much wider neck of a bottle, and a friend asked to blow it in. He will probably blow hard, with the result that the cork will fly out and strike him in the face. With the aid of a tube or pipe stem, a gentle blowing will be sufficient to send the cork into the bottle.

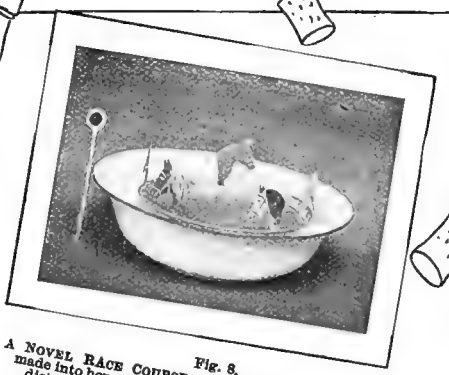

Fig. 8.

A NOVEL RACE COURSE.—Visiting cards can be made into horses' heads, and these are glued at equal distances to the side of a tin plate, which is set revolving in a basin of water. If looked at whilst it is revolving, with one eye, through a tiny hole in a piece of cardboard—the eye being on a level with the horseheads—the horseheads show the appearance of a living photograph. By placing a post at one side of the basin a race-game can be made.

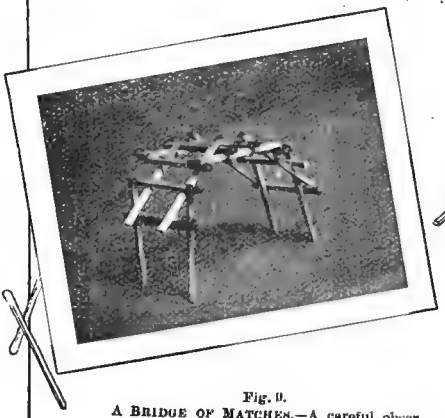

Fig. 9.

A BRIDGE OF MATCHES.—A careful observance of the photograph will enable you to form a bridge of matches, with the matches only, without any fixing together except that given by their own weight. The large square wooden matches are necessary.

Fig. 10a.

A CORK TRICK.—You are required to free the two corks simultaneously from their position in the above illustration with the thumb and index finger of each hand——

Fig. 10b.

——Place the hands as shown above——

Fig. 10c.

——and take hold of the corks as indicated here. You must, of course, draw them entirely apart.

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Fig. 11.
EXAMPLE OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.—Heat the air in an uncorked bottle by holding it over a fire, neck end upwards, having the rim of the neck well greased. After a few minutes you must press a plate down firmly upon the opening. Then allow the bottle to stand in a cold place. Raise the plate by its rim and it will take the bottle up with it as in photograph.

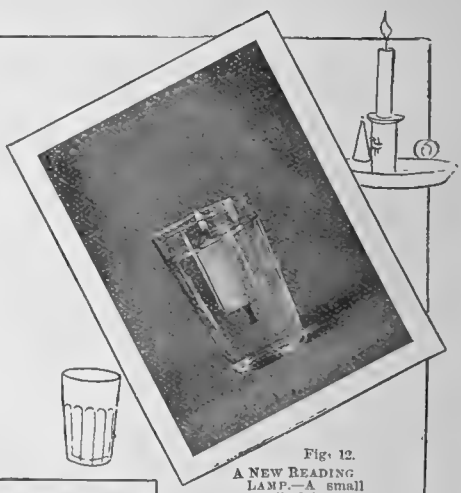
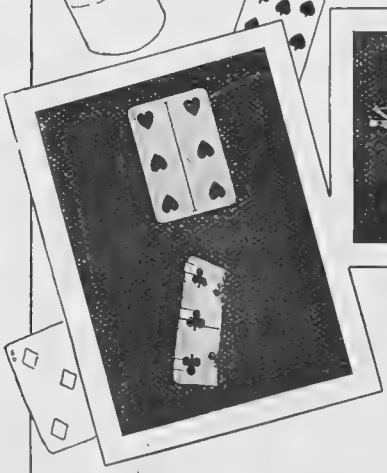
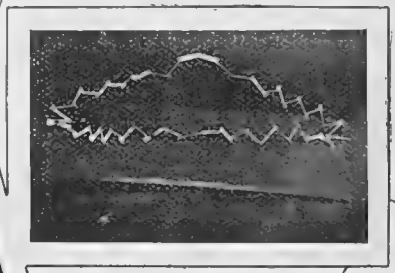


Fig. 12.
A NEW READING LAMP.—A small nail driven into the bottom of the candle enables it to float in an upright position. It burns right down to the socket, the water being prevented from reaching the flame by a shell of wax which the water keeps from melting.





Figs. 13a, b, c.
PASSING THROUGH A PLAYING CARD.—Fold a card in the middle, and with the scissors cut it as in the first card in the first photograph. Next cut the doubled card alternately from the edges nearly to the slit at the middle and then from the slit nearly to the edges. Then carefully pull the card out. After this it will be easy to put yourself through it.

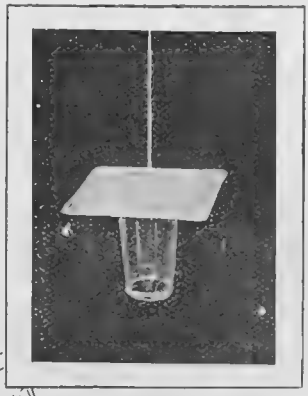


Fig. 14a.
THE SUSPENDED GLASS.—Heat the air in the glass over a fire, and place a piece of cardboard on to the opening, which should be greased. Then allow it to cool, having previously fixed a piece of string to the card with sealing-wax.——

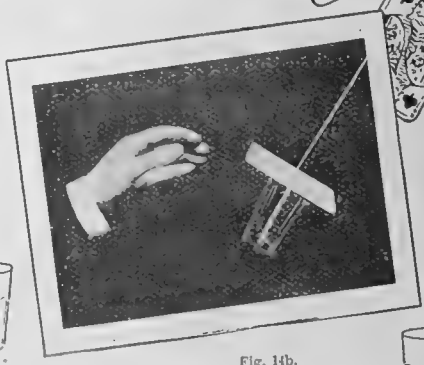


Fig. 14b.
——The glass may then be safely suspended by the string and even set swinging.

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Fig. 15.

BALANCING AN EGG ON THE EDGE OF A BOTTLE.—This may be easily done. The photograph explains itself. The cork should be slightly hollowed at the end which rests upon the egg. You had better experiment with an hard-boiled egg.

Fig. 16.

BORING A PIN WITH A NEEDLE.—The pin is driven into the cork into which are fixed penknives of about equal weight. Having run a needle through a cork in a bottle, after some effort you will be able to balance the pin on the point of the needle, which done, you may set the apparatus revolving. The needle will in time bore right through the pin.

Fig. 17.

BALL AND STRING TRICK.—The feat is to allow the ball to fall or stop it at will. Two channels are pierced through a wooden ball, one straight, the other curved. When you do the trick, you pass the string through the curved channel; when your friends do it, they naturally use the straight one. Ready-made balls can be purchased in any toy-shop.

Fig. 18.

SLICE A PEAR WITHOUT TOUCHING IT WITH THE HANDS.—To slice a pear without touching it with the hands, suspend the pear and hold a knife underneath. You may get the exact spot on which the pear will drop by dipping the fruit in water before hanging up. Mark the place where the water drops on the table, and hold the knife half-a-foot above that. Set light to the string holding the pear and it will bisect itself upon the knife blade.

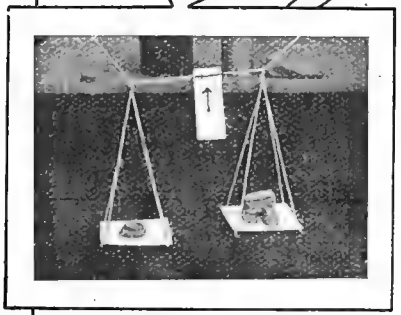

Fig. 19.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S SCALES.—The photograph explains how to make the scales. To graduate them mark the centre of the cross-bar of string with a knot, and exactly opposite it on the wall place a piece of card on which you have marked a vertical arrow. This indicates the position of exact balance. If, for instance, you wish to weigh 1lb. of sugar, you put a 1lb. weight on the left scale. This will bring down the knot to the left of the arrow. You then add sugar to the right scale until the knot returns to the point of the arrow.

Fig. 20.

TRYING YOUR LUNG POWER.—Any man of ordinary lung power can, by placing a bag underneath a heavy weight—or a couple of volumes even larger than those in the photograph, blow them over with ease. Try it.

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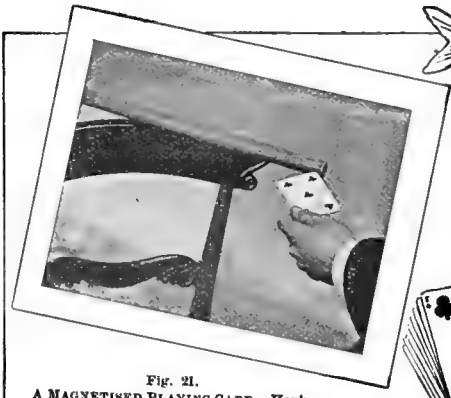

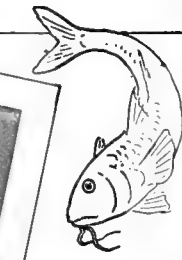

Fig. 21.

A MAGNETISED PLAYING CARD.—Having balanced a stick on a chair-back, rub the card sharply up and down on your coat sleeve several times, which will magnetise it. You can then attract the stick without touching it and draw it round until it falls off the chair.

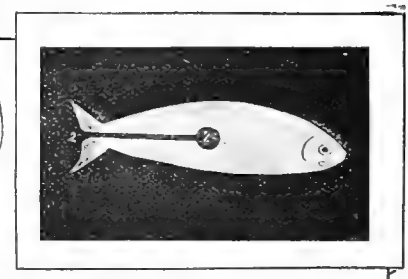

Fig. 22.

A SWIMMING PAPER FISH.—Make the fish about half-a-foot long, and cut it as in the photograph. The fish should lie on the water and a few drops of oil must be poured into the round hole marked 1. Oil on water spreads, and in escaping down the channel marked 2 it will force the fish in the opposite direction.

Fig. 23.

A HOME-MADE SPRAYER.—A very useful little spray may be made by two pieces of quill, pushed through a cork as in the photograph. You must blow through the horizontal tube in order to work the sprayer.

Fig. 24.

EMPTY A GLASS OF WATER WITH A BOTTLE FULL OF THE SAME LIQUID.—Fill the bottle and cork it, having inserted through the cork two tubes, protruding about one inch below the cork, one tube being at least six inches longer than the other. Next fill the glass, turn over the bottle, and place the shorter tube in the glass. The water will then be drawn out of the glass into the bottle and through the longer tube.

Fig. 25.

A THREEPENNY-BIT TRICK.—Bend a match but do not break it. Place it across the mouth of a bottle, and on it a small coin. Ask a friend to put the coin into the bottle without touching either coin, match, or bottle. This is done by dipping the finger into water and allowing drops to saturate the fracture of the match. The match will straighten itself out and the coin fall into the bottle.

Fig. 26.

INDESTRUCTIBLE THREAD.—If a blown egg be suspended as in the illustration—the egg being held on a piece of linen—there is a method by which the thread, even after it has been burned and reduced to an ash, is still strong enough to support the egg. This is done by repeatedly soaking the thread in a strong solution of salt and water, and allowing it to dry thoroughly. It is even possible to ignite the linen support, if it has been soaked like the thread.

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THE MURDERED MOOSE.

By Herman Whitaker.

"Tom! Tom! The moose?"

The door of old John Forrest's cabin flew open, and a tangle of eager boy, rifle, cartridge belt, and long hunting-knife, sprawled over the sill and rolled upon the kitchen floor.

"Here you! Young fellow!" yelled old John in mock alarm. "Who's your game?"

"Where's Tom?" The boy jumped up and began to buckle on his belt with furious haste. "Oh, Mr. Forrest! I just saw the big bull moose crossing Dick Young's hay clearing."

"Tom!" shouted his father.

"Well!"

"Moose, Tom! Moose!" yelled Jim McCloud. "Come on!"

"Great Scott!"

The shanty trembled as the boy bounced from his bed, and they could hear him impatiently exclaiming as he fumbled his clothing. But in little more than a minute he burst from the room, rifle in hand.

"Better have some breakfast, lads?" said old John.

"Bother breakfast!" chorused the boys.

Tom slipped on his moccasins, and they rushed out into the snow.

"It's old Short Foot," puffed Jim. They were skimming along at a ten mile gait, and conversation was not easy. "I saw his tracks."

"Oh, if we can only bag him!" ejaculated Tom.

His heart thumped at the thought. Old Short Foot! The giant moose which had fooled two generations of hunters and baffled the skill of old Pete Brousseaux.

"Jim," he gasped.

"What?"

"We'll give old Pete the fore foot."

"Right you are!"

* * * * *

While the boys thus divided his carcase and disposed of it among their admiring friends, Short Foot invited himself to breakfast at one of Dick Young's haystacks.

The short, sweet, almost green prairie hay was so much nicer than the last season's grass; which had, moreover, to be pawed from beneath the snow. His large soft eyes glowed with pleasure as the juicy bunches rolled over his tongue.

"Good grass, this," he thought.

And perhaps a vague idea of the goodness of Providence in thus creating man to supply the needs of moose, caused him to step round

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the stack to see if any of the bipeds happened to be about.

"Now, Tom. Right behind the shoulder," whispered Jim.

"Wait a minute. My hand's shaking."

The moose's head sloped back on his shoulders, and his quivering nostrils took the wind. One sniff, and away he flew, angling to get the stack between him and the deadly rifles.

The Winchesters barked like angry dogs, but a boy may not shoot straight when the buck fever is upon him.

They mortally wounded the inoffensive haystack, took the bark off several young poplars, and raised a miniature snowstorm round the moose, but never touched him.

And when the smoke of battle cleared away, they sat down on the snow-packed trail and watched the big fellow reeling off the miles.

"My word!" said Tom, drawing a long breath. "What horns!"

"I suppose," said Jim, "that you'll have to cut the toes off the old cow for Pete's Chris'mas present?"

"I think not. I'm going after him."

"I'm with you. But let's go home first, and get grub and matches, so that we can camp."

For a good ten miles Short Foot ambled along.

He was alone. That summer he had wandered with a young cow through the maze of lake and swamp in the heart of the Riding Mountains, and had been as happy as the flies will allow a moose to be.

One night he heard afar off the call of a rival. With a swelling heart he had thrown back his great head and sent a whistling defiance ringing through the bush.

It was answered. Slowly he had wound his way through the heavy shadows, skirting round the moonlit glades, snorting a repeated challenge. The answering call always came back.

At last nothing but a narrow slough separated him from his foe. In the scrub at the other side he could hear his rival scarping the leaves with his angry hoof.

One last challenge, and he stepped into the moonlight. A blaze of fire burst from the bush. A stinging blow on the foot sent sharp pains shooting up his foreleg.

Quick—almost as the lightning which had blasted him—he turned and shot into the shadows of the black forest. Then slowly and painfully he hobbled back to his cow.

In the clearing where he had left his partner feeding, the silvery light of the moon shone down on a dreadful shape hanging from a stout pine, and the clammy scent of fresh blood thickened the air.

Round a camp fire stretched a dozen of the two-legged creatures which he had come to dread more than the grizzly. Smoke came from their mouths, and they made noises the one to the other, and rolled over in their talk, pointing at his dead cow.

Then the scent of the blood weighed heavily on Short Foot's brain. He could see nothing but red—red blood, red fire, and a red moon sailing o'er the tree-tops.

His mane bristled, and bloody foam shot from his snorting nostrils. He charged through the fire into the midst of the camp.

One of the creatures he tossed on high. Another he split open with one blow of his sharp hoof, even as they had split his cow.

With cries of terror, the others ran—all but one. And he stood quietly waiting.

How the moonlight flashed from his strangely light eyes! Short Foot rose in the air to strike the man down. Then came the thundering roar and the brilliant flash.

The flesh along his side—where the hair grows no more—quivered and burnt, and he fled.

Since that time Short Foot had wandered alone.

* * * * *

After the first wild burst away from the boys' rifles, the big moose moved steadily forward across lakes, through timber and over wooded banks.

The sun was sinking before he stopped to feed. He circled cautiously round a big clearing, then stepped to the centre, and commenced to paw the snow from the dried grass.

For a full hour he fed, then he moved into the shadow of a giant willow and lay down.

He dozed, quietly ruminating. The lids dropped over his mild eyes, but his ears twitched to the slightest sound.

The howl of a wolf broke the stillness. He raised his head. He had a vendetta of a thousand generations standing with the wolves.

Many a year-old cow had they pulled down, and he had seen a moose calf borne into their very jaws. Once more, weird and long drawn, the howl floated on the frosty air.

He sprang to his feet. The mildness faded from his eye, and, laying back his great antlers upon his shoulders, he threaded his way through the pines towards the sound.

* * * * *

"It seems to me," said Tom, taking a bite

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Short Foot rose in the air to strike the man down.

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of bread and meat, "that he circled to the north-east."

They were back at the stack prepared for a hunt. That moose was to be bagged if it took a week, and to save time they swallowed a cold lunch while laying their plans.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Jim. You cut straight for the bush. If you cross his track—howl! One long howl and two short barks. If he's kept straight on, I'll call you when I arrive at the wood."

Now, it so happened, that when Short Foot passed from their sight, he swung back a little to the northward. The boys, therefore, travelled on divergent lines, and when Tom came to the wood line he was miles away from his chum.

He howled until he became the centre of a mile-wide ring of interested coyotes, who mocked him to perfection; and fate decreed that one solitary brute, sitting on the snow midway between the boys, should answer with one long howl, and two sharp barks.

"There's Tom at last," said Jim, when his ear caught the distant sound, and he immediately started in that direction.

"He's coming," said Tom. "Silly ass! Why didn't he answer before? I'll walk slowly on."

Setting up a stick to warn Jim, he walked on, leisurely at first, but quicker as the heat of the chase got him in its grip. Mile after mile passed beneath his feet, and Jim did not catch up.

Wondering what could have become of him, Tom sat down to rest. He was sitting there, idly throwing twigs at a cheeky squirrel, when he chanced to spy at a little distance, unmistakable evidences that the moose had but lately gone by.

He jumped to his feet. Instantly, Jim, time, everything but the great bull were forgotten.

He leaned over the moose's footprints, speculating on the length of time which had elapsed since Short Foot had passed, while a couple of miles back a big timber wolf was sniffing at his footprints.

The savage brute ran back and forth for a few moments picking up the scent of his quarry, and then its sharp nose turned up, and a long howl, followed by three sharp yaps, split the air.

"Y-o-w-o-l! Yap! Yap! Yap!"

Far away in the forest his mate had heard the call to dinner, and had answered. Once more the wolf raised his head and sent forth three yelps in quick succession.

In those regions the sun sinks to rest hours before his rays are withdrawn from the southlands of the same longitude.

When the shadows began to lengthen they were unnoticed by the boy. He pressed on, heedless of everything but the big moose.

At length he reached the clearing where Short Foot had stopped to feed. The snow was pawed in every direction, and the boy trembled with excitement when he remembered the beast would be sure to lie down after feeding.

"Must be close by," he muttered. "Better be ready!"

He raised his rifle to throw another shell into the chamber, but no cartridge flew up at the click of the lever. Then he remembered that he had not re-charged the magazine after emptying it at the flying moose.

He drew a cartridge from his belt. It was empty. Another—the same; still another—empty.

He unbuckled the belt and knelt down in the snow, and fumbled the cartridges wildly over—all empty.

He had used them up the day before, taking long shots at a running fox on Grant's Lake.

He struck the butt of his rifle on the ground and stamped his foot. Nothing for it now but to wait for Jim.

He looked backward on the trail, and leaned forward, listening intently. Surely that was the quick patter of moccasined feet?

A glad shout trembled on his lips, but he remembered the moose and checked himself. He listened again—certainly Jim was coming. He waited impatiently.

Through the pines flitted a grey shadow. Then a snarling yelp broke the stillness, and the big wolf burst from the timber.

Tom chilled with sudden fear. He knew the brute was strong enough to pull down a running steer.

It came at him without a pause—hair bristling, tongue lolling over the red chops, breath rising in a steamy cloud, while foaming saliva ran over its grinning teeth.

The boy's rifle flew instinctively to his shoulder; then he remembered, and clubbed it ready for a blow.

The beast sprang full at his throat. He struck with all his strength, but the wolf was too close, and the blow of the flying body knocked him backward.

In a second the wolf had him by the shoulder, then snapped at his throat.

Seizing the beast with both hands, Tom strove to hold it from his windpipe. Its hot,

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fetid breath played over his face. The demon eyes looked right into his.

Again and again the sharp teeth sank into his arms. They began to stiffen, and the blood to run down inside his shirt.

He felt himself weakening, and the snapping fangs drew nearer to his throat. Now they sank into the muscles of his left arm, and the savage brute snarled and strove again and again to reach the wretched boy's throat.

Mad with pain the boy staggered to his feet. He tried to reach his knife, which lay with his belt on the snow.

One second he stood, swaying to and fro, while the big wolf crouched for another spring. In that second he saw a gaunt she wolf tearing through the timber. Then the body of his enemy struck him, and he went down, uttering a cry of bitter agony.

While Tom was battling for life, Short Foot travelled towards the scene of the combat. Before the appearance of the she wolf he was close enough to hear the angry snarl of her mate—a sound indissolubly connected in his mind with the tearing of a moose calf. He skirted round the edge of the slough, and when Tom dropped the second time, the moose shot from the scrub, whistling with rage.

One blow of his sharp hoof broke the wolf's back. It howled dismally, and scuttled along the snow, its hind legs dragging.

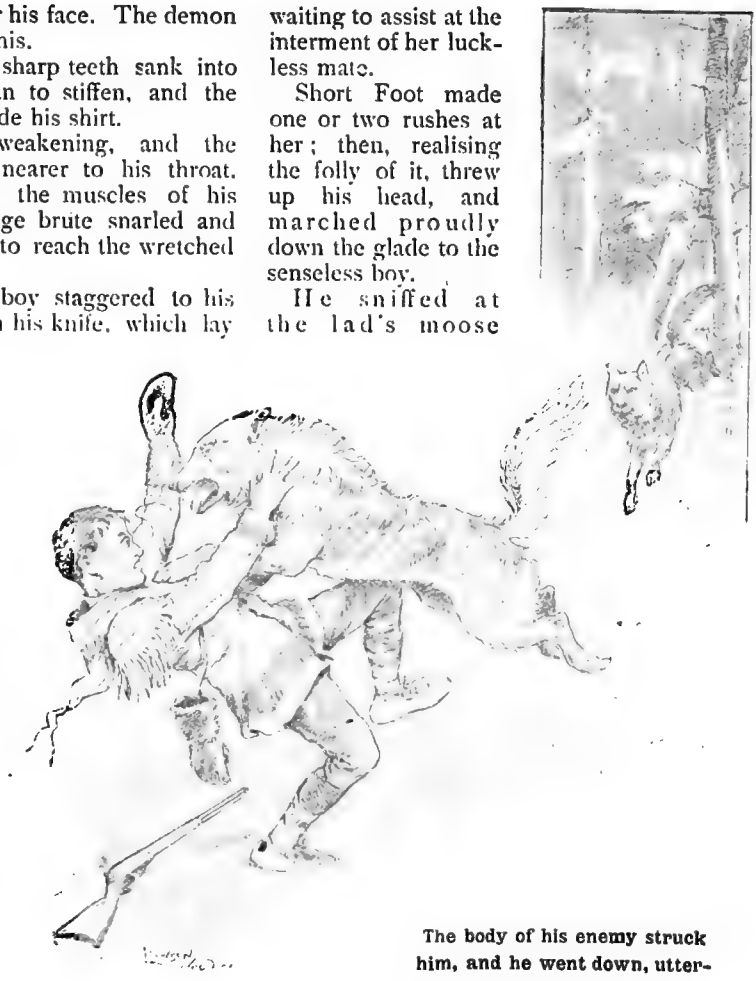
Then the snapping hoofs struck again, and the beast stretched quivering on the snow. Snorting with anger, Short Foot shovelled his antlers beneath the body, and sent it flying through the air.

Again and again he tossed it skyward until it caught in the crotch of a tree. Then he turned his attention to the female.

But the wary brute had retired into the forest, and was sitting on the snow, calmly waiting to assist at the interment of her luckless mate.

Short Foot made one or two rushes at her; then, realising the folly of it, threw up his head, and marched proudly down the glade to the senseless boy.

He sniffed at the lad's moose skin coat. A young moose, surely? Smelt like it!



The body of his enemy struck him, and he went down, uttering a cry of bitter agony.

Softly he licked the boy's face, and his eye glowed with tenderness.

A twig cracked. He raised his head and listened. Then a sheet of flame flashed from the gloomy woods, followed quickly by another.

One spasmodic leap, and the great bull fell—shot through the heart by Jim.

* * * * *

On the wall of old John Forrest's cabin, far away in Manitoba, hangs a great moose head, which excites the admiration and cupidity of every hunter who chances that way.

Underneath the beautiful trophy is an inscription which reads:

SHORT FOOT,
Murdered, Nov. 5, '94.

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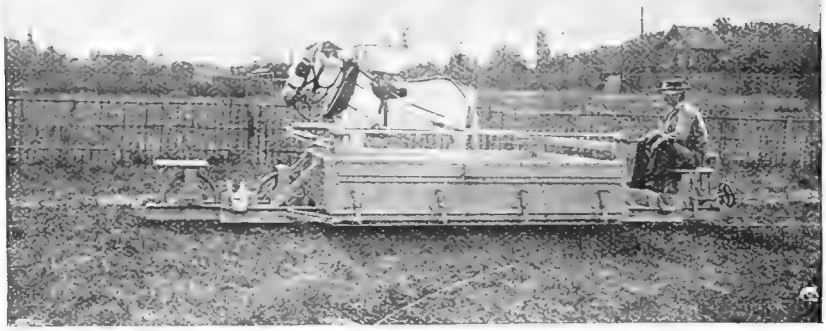
WHEELBARROW RAILWAYS



A wheelbarrow railway truck used for carrying minerals. It can bear four tons.

An Interesting Account of the Many Uses and Conveniences of the One Line Railway.

By James Clarke.

The moment a country is opened up (it may be a war of conquest or a mere gold rush), the first vital necessity is a road or trail of some kind for the conveyance of food and goods. But road-making in a new region is neither easy nor cheap, and attempts to transport heavy stuff, such as saw-mill or mining machinery, over a primitive track through the wilderness is often attended by disaster.

Now some years ago the slow and painful progress of the French troops in Tonquin created so much disturbance and sympathy that a French engineer, Monsieur H. J. Caillet, set himself to invent an entirely new system of railway transport, cheap and easy of construction.

The result was Caillet's mono-rail system, which is as simple as all great inventions usually are. At present this curious railway is designed only for manual or animal traction. The cars run on two wheels of the same size, placed one before and one behind in the same plane.

The hand-cars have wheels 10in. in diameter; but the bigger vehicles, such as trams propelled by mules, have 20in. wheels. The cars are put in motion and balanced on the railway by means of a rod or lever projecting at right angles to the rail, and the mere effort of propulsion alone is enough to maintain the balance. In fact, the only weight exercised is that of, say, the shafts of a dog-cart, whose whole weight rests upon the wheels.

When the car is at rest, it lies over on one side, and so it cannot run away down-hill. Some of the cars have movable sides for carrying ballast, coals, loaded sacks, or other heavy produce, but pannier sides can be substituted when light, bulky produce, such as hay, straw, sugar-cane, etc., has to be dealt with.

With regard to passenger trucks and trams, it does not in the least matter how or where the passengers sit. There are also ambulance cars built to carry four persons, and Monsieur Caillet recently sent out to French Guiana huge wheelbarrow living-cars for the use of the engineers who were pushing forward the line in wild regions, scores, if not hundreds, of miles from any base or centre where food and general supplies might be obtained.

As to cost, the mono-rail may be estimated at a fifth of that of an ordinary light railway. At Caborca, in Mexico, a twenty-one mile line was supplied, with enough rolling stock to carry a hundred tons of ore per day, and the cost was under £240, everything included. Think of that!

There are lots of these wonderful wheelbarrow railways in Mexico, Spain, and

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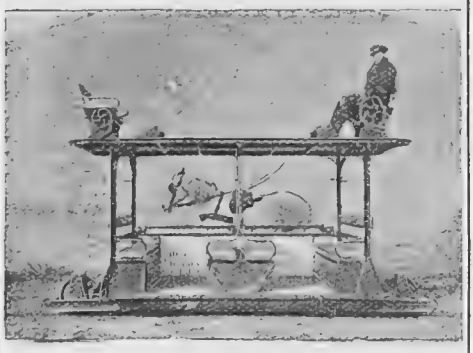
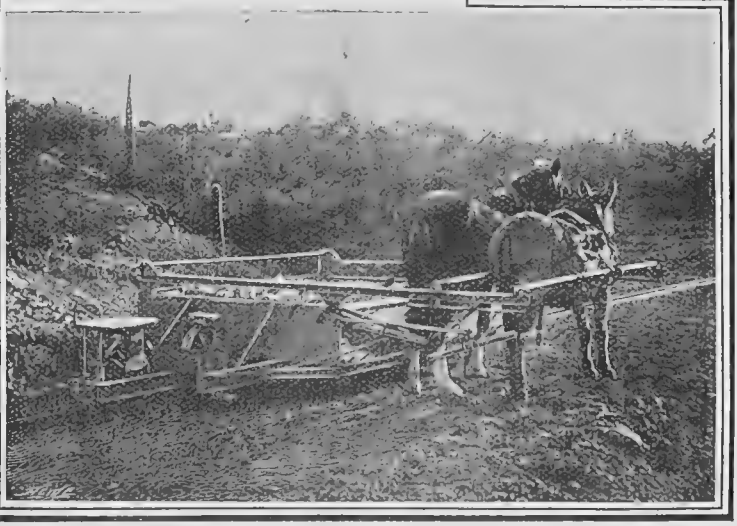
Ballasting a wheelbarrow railway truck with minerals in Mexico.



A wheelbarrow tramcar for twelve passengers. The driver sits on top and drives the horse sideways.



A horse and donkey are easily capable of dragging a truck loaded with four tons of minerals up a considerable incline.

Spanish America, where valuable ore is brought to market on mules' backs, and sometimes in carts, over terrible roads. In these countries many rich deposits which could not previously be worked, owing to expense of transport, are now paying properties, thanks to this extraordinary system. Even the lightest of light railways costs some thousands of pounds per mile to lay down. Moreover, when your wheelbarrow railway has finished its work in one place, you can move it somewhere else at a cost of £10 per mile. Further, it requires no skilled labour.

It seems a curious thing in these days of hundred-mile-an hour lines (not to mention air-ships that sail round the summit of the Eiffel Tower) to speak of trains not exceeding five miles an hour; but our quaint little mono-rail deserves the credit that Disraeli mentioned as due to the man who caused two blades of grass to grow where only one grew formerly. The beauty of the thing is that anybody can understand and work it.

At the Birmingham Royal Show in '98 a mono-rail car, loaded with three trusses of hay each weighing 56lb., was worked by a child of seven, who amused himself and many spectators for an hour or so by running the loaded car up and down the rail. Another car, loaded with nearly half a ton of scrap iron, was propelled and balanced by several curious spectators with one finger!

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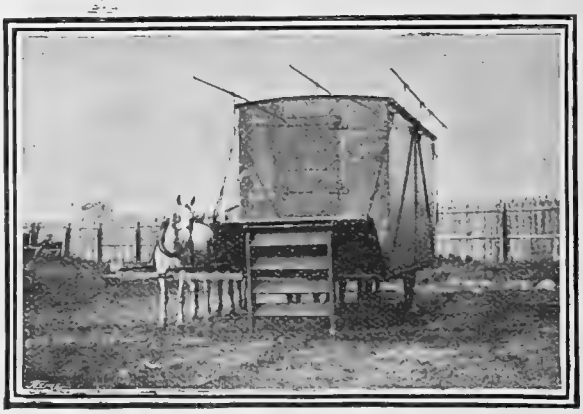
Another thing about this system is that it can go over any kind of ground, and the rails can be laid anyhow. No wonder that it costs only 20 per cent of even the cheapest double-rail system, and can be worked at a profit with only 10 per cent. of the traffic necessary to make such a double railway system pay.



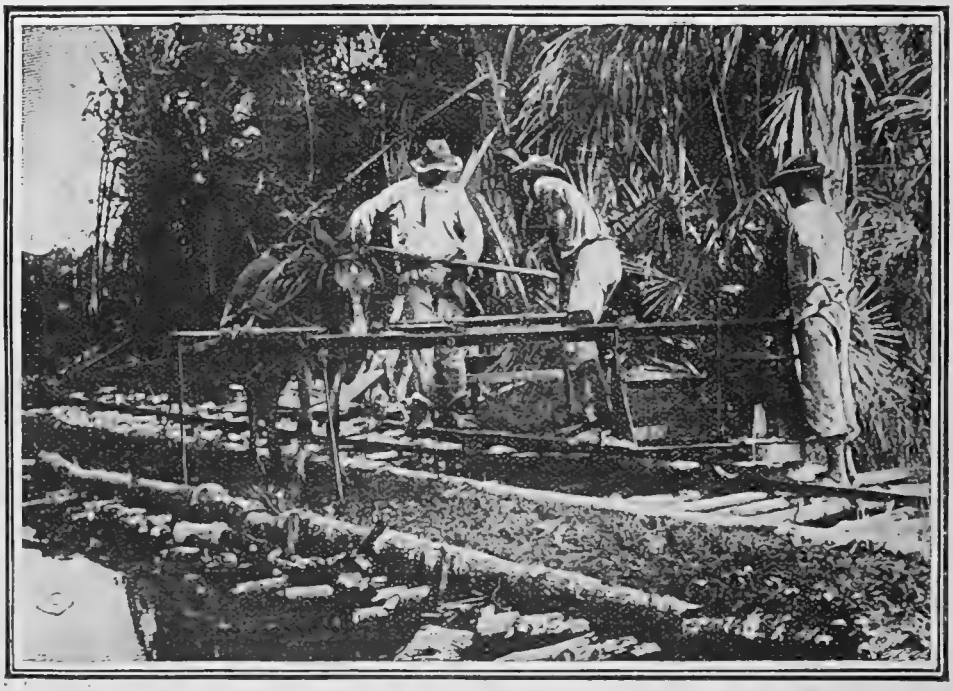
An engineer's wheelbarrow house. It is made of steel and goes along a seventy-mile track of wilderness inhabited by unfriendly natives.

The speed with which the solitary rail is paid out is quite amazing. Actual experience in Mexico showed that forty men can clear, prepare the ground, and lay the line at the rate of a mile and a quarter per day, the total cost working out at under £7 per mile. A test for pace at Aldershot showed that a mile could be laid in four hours, the limit of pace being the time occupied in slipping each rail into the fishplate placed at the end of the last rail laid.

These interesting little lines are not turned out, like ordinary railways, in one pattern, but are built in each case to suit the peculiar requirements. By no other system can a ton of goods be moved for about three-halfpence per mile. A coolie in Asia or Africa can deal with four or five hundred pounds weight on the mono-rail, whereas by himself he could only tackle about half a hundredweight.

I have seen a great number of photographs illustrating the mono-rail system in actual use, for it has long since passed from the experimental stage, and is now found in all parts of the world.

I was much interested in an engineer's wheelbarrow house of steel, which was pushed along as a great seventy-mile track



A wheelbarrow tramway over a roughly constructed floating bridge in Brazil.

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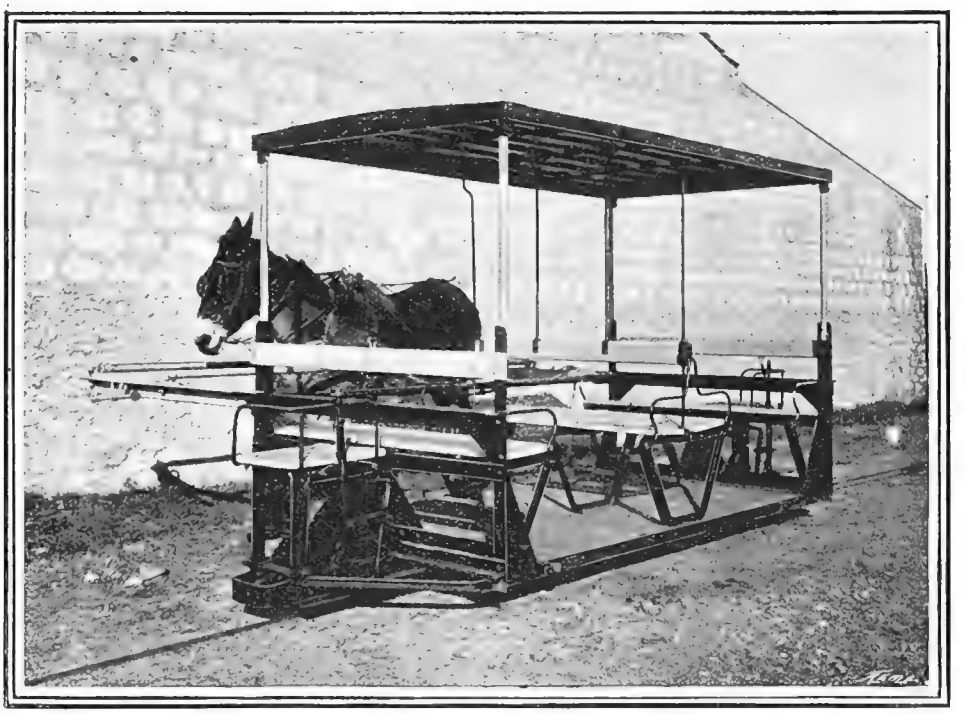

A common type of open wheelbarrow tramcar as used in Mexico. It can hold twelve passengers.

was being laid in a Brazilian wilderness, where it was impossible to get food or supplies of any kind, and where the natives were far from friendly. The engineer's valuable plans, papers, firearms, etc., were kept safely in this queerest of residences; and at the end of each day the big wheelbarrow villa was pushed up to the rail head.

A curious picture showed a bogey truck loaded with cotton plants, with a very alert-looking mule at the side, no doubt wondering how it was that his load was in front of him instead of behind; or rather it would be more correct to say that his load was at the side of him, and the pressure of it in front.

A capital example of a wheelbarrow tramway is the line from the Casino of San Stephano down to the beach at Alexandria. There are mono-rail lines at the Egyptian prisons.

A mono-rail was laid down at a sisal plantation in the Bahamas, and the result was very interesting. Previously carts had been used, whose full load was thirty bundles of "large leaf." These carts were heavy and cumbersome, and they knocked the roads to pieces. They were slow, too, and cost two shillings a day to drive. The mono-rail truck held sixty bundles, ran easily, did not disturb the road, took two trips to the cart's one, and cost ninepence a day each. A small boy was "engine-driver" on the wheelbarrow railway, whereas a full-grown man was needed for the cart.

"My mules," wrote the manager of the sisal plantation, "can walk away quite easily with sixty large bundles, whereas on some of the existing roads, when I arrived, it was a hard matter to get an empty cart along."

In Nyassaland, with black labour, the cost of preparation and laying, excluding the engineer's salary, worked out at less than £7 per mile, the cost of the actual laying of the wheelbarrow track being under a sovereign per mile.

Truly the mono-rail system is the ideal method of getting a good day's work out of an employé. The cars for hand traction are light and easily handled, and one man can work ten hours a day transporting loads of six hundredweight. This is essentially a system for small traffic, and the limit of its economical working varies from 75 to 100 tons per day.

A great number of mono-rails are working on farms in France, where they have naturally gone ahead rapidly. Others have

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been laid across the swamps in the Southern States and Northern South America, while one wishes one had all the silver ore transported by these nimblest of "wheelbarrows" throughout Mexico.

Mono-rail tramcars pushed by men (advertised as *Le Bicycle Poussé à huit places*) have been built and sent out to remote regions where people are in no hurry; and it is by no means unusual for a cable to be received at head-quarters—"Please send out three-mile wheelbarrow railway with rolling stock and all complete by the next steamer." These wonderful systems can, in fact, be ordered like a pound of tea. The light rails are supported by steel sole-plates at intervals of a few feet, and they are laid down direct on the surface of the ground without sleepers, ballasting, or other special preparation. The rails are joined together by so-called fishplates, so that they can be almost "thrown" down over the roughest country.

A wheelbarrow railway truck loaded with cotton.

The trucks for animal traction have two levers from either end, connected by movable rods to form the shafts. No more weight falls on the animal than is exerted by the shafts of an ordinary cart. When a customer abroad orders one of these railways to be sent out to him, the truck is put on board ship in sections ranging from 4ft. 1½in. in length up to 16ft. The rails are shipped loose, while the sole-plates are packed in barrels of about 400, making about five barrels to each mile of rail. Of course, customers have to tell the vendors of these rails precisely what work the system is intended to perform. Oxen or buffaloes can be used instead of mules or asses, and a very "or'nary critter" indeed can take two tons along.

It sounds curious to speak of the small expense of the shipment of one of these railways, but the mono-rail certainly weighs less than half an equal length of even the lightest double rail.

Briefly then, this system does wheelbarrow work on a huge scale. By its use a man may multiply his carrying capacity twelve times—a great point in countries where the necessity for porters robs the land of its labour for tilling.

A wheelbarrow line, worked by natives, runs from the Casino of San Stephano in Egypt to Alexandria.

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THE NECKLACE

BY

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

TRANSLATED BY

GEORGE SINCLAIR

I.

She was one of those pretty and charming women, born by a mistake of destiny into a family of middle-class people. She had neither *dot*, hopes, nor the faintest chance of being understood, loved, and espoused by a man rich and distinguished; and so she allowed herself to marry an underpaid clerk in the *Ministère de l'Instruction Publique.*

Knowing herself born for all the refinements and all the luxuries of life, she suffered incessantly. The things which another woman of her station would not have perceived tortured and exasperated her. She dreamt of grand saloons hung with ancient silk, of elaborate furniture, of precious ornaments, and of gorgeous liveried footmen. When she sat at dinner, the table-cloth stained with three weeks' usage, her husband would smilingly lift the dish-cover, saying complacently: "Ah! an excellent stew; I don't know of anything better than that." But she had ever visions of elegant repasts, of gleaming silver, of delicate dishes served on wonderful china, and of whispered gallantries listened to with the smile of a sphinx.

She had a rich friend, an old playfellow of her convent days, but she did not often go to see her because she suffered so much after returning to her own shabby home. Often she wept whole days from chagrin, regret, despair and distress.

One evening her husband entered with a triumphant air, holding in his hand a large envelope.

"Here is something for you," he said.

She tore the envelope open quickly, and took out a printed card which bore these words:

"*The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau beg M. and Mme. Loisel to do them the honour of spending the evening at the Hôtel du Ministère on Monday, Jan.* 18*th.*"

Instead of being enchanted as her husband expected, she threw the invitation pettishly on the table. "What use is that to me?" she inquired half angrily.

"But, my dearest, I thought that you would be so delighted. You never go anywhere, and this is a splendid opportunity. I had great difficulty in getting the invitation. All the fashionable world will be there; it is a most stylish affair, and very few of the employees are invited. You will see all the principal officials."

She looked at him irritably.

"And what must I wear if I go there?"

He had not thought about that.

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"Well, the dress you wear for the theatre. That seems to me quite good enough."

He stopped stupified to find that his wife was weeping. Two great tears were running slowly down her face.

"What is the matter with you?"

With a violent effort she conquered her tears and replied to him in a calm voice, wiping her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. But as I have not a toilette I consequently cannot accept the invitation. Give the card to one of your colleagues who has a better-dressed wife."

He felt sorry for her.

"Look here, Mathilde. How much will a suitable costume cost, a frock as simple as possible, and one that will serve you for other occasions?"

She reflected several seconds, calculating the price and inwardly debating what sum she might ask without meeting an immediate refusal from her economical husband.

At last she spoke hesitatingly.

"I cannot say exactly, but I think that I should be able to get something decent for 400 francs."

He went just a little pale. That sum exactly he had reserved for the purpose of buying a gun so that in the coming summer he might go lark-shooting with some friends on the Plain of Nanterre.

However, he said:

"Very good. I will give you 400 francs. But see that you have a pretty dress."

II.

THE day of the party approached, and Mme. Loisel appeared sad, restless, and anxious. Her dress was ready, however.

"Are you not well? For the past week you have seemed quite odd," said her husband, one evening.

"It vexes me not to have any jewels to put on," she replied. "I shall cut a poverty-stricken figure after all—indeed, I almost prefer not to go to that party."

"You can wear natural flowers, they always look *chic*. For ten francs you can buy some magnificent roses."

But she would not be convinced.

"No, there is nothing more humiliating than to be poorly dressed among a lot of rich women."

"You are stupid!" suddenly cried her husband. "Go to your rich friend, Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewellery. You know her well enough to ask a favour like that?"

She gave a cry of joy.

"It is true! I had not thought of it."

The next morning she was at her friend's house telling her tale of woe.

Mme. Forestier went to her wardrobe and took out a large jewel-case.

"Choose, my dear," she said to Mme. Loisel.

Mathilde saw at first some bracelets, then a collar of pearls, then a gleaming Venetian cross of gold and precious stones. She tried the trinkets on before the glass, unable to make up her mind.

"You have nothing else?"

"Oh, yes. Search. I do not know what will please you."

Suddenly Mathilde found in a box lined with black satin a superb necklace of diamonds. Her heart began to beat with delight, and her hands trembled in holding the flashing jewels She clasped the bauble round her throat, and stood in ecstasy before her reflection in the mirror.

Then she turned to her friend.

"Will you lend me this—nothing but this?" she demanded, her voice shaking with anxiety.

"Yes, certainly."

Mathilde fell upon the neck of her friend, embraced her, and hurried home with her treasure.

The night of the party arrived and Mme. Loisel had a great success. She was the prettiest woman present, and elegant, smiling, and gracious, she was the observed of all observers. All the men wanted to dance with her, and even the Minister himself paid her a compliment.

At four o'clock in the morning she was ready to go home. Her husband put round her shoulders her shabby, everyday cloak, the poverty of which contrasted so strangely with her ball dress of shimmering satin. She was anxious to make her exit quickly so as not to be observed by the other women, who would doubtless envelope themselves in rich furs.

"Wait a minute," said her husband. "You will catch cold. I will call a cab."

But she would not listen, and rapidly descended the staircase. When they got into the street they could not find a vehicle of any sort, and they called in vain to the cabbies driving past.

They walked down towards the Seine, angry and shivering. At last they found on the quay one of those old nocturnal *coupés* which are only seen in Paris after night has fallen—just as if they were ashamed to show themselves during the day.

The ancient cab brought the Loisels to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and they entered sadly. Her night of triumph was

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over and done with. He was thinking that by ten o'clock he would have to be down at his office again.

She removed her cloak and stood in front of the mirror so that she might take a last look at herself in her glory. Suddenly she gave a startled cry. The collar of brilliants no longer encircled her throat.

"What is the matter with you?" her husband demanded.

She turned to him, her voice hoarse with fright:

"I have--I have lost Mme. Forestier's necklace!"

He rose hastily.

"How, where? It is not possible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress and mantle. They searched everywhere and found nothing.

"You are quite sure you had it on when you left the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I remember touching it in the vestibule at the Hôtel."

"If you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Very likely. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you—did you not notice it either?"

"No."

They looked wildly at each other. Finally Loisel put on his clothes again.

"I will go over the ground that we have covered to see if it should by chance be there," he said.

He returned about seven o'clock. His search had been in vain. At the Prefecture of Police he announced the loss, and he advertised it in the newspapers offering a substantial reward.

She was in agony all day, bowed down by the frightful disaster which had befallen her.

Loisel came back in the evening, his face haggard and pale. His efforts had been fruitless.

"You must write to your friend that you have broken the clasp of her necklace, and that you are having it repaired," he said. "That will give us the time to see if it turns up again."

She wrote according to his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope of finding the vanished necklace.

And Loisel, looking five years older, said:

"It will be necessary for us to replace it."

The next day they took the box in which the jewel had been to the jeweller whose name was stamped on the black satin

"Choose, my dear," she said to Mme. Loisel.

Google

lining. The jeweller looked through his books.

"The necklace was not bought here, madame; I find that I only furnished the case."

Then the Loisels went to jeweller after jeweller, looking for a necklace similar to the missing one. They tried to remember exactly how the necklace had looked, and both of them were ill with despair and anguish.

At length they found in a shop in the Palais Royal a chaplet of diamonds which appeared to them exactly like the one they sought. It was priced at 40,000 francs, but the jeweller would let them have it for 36,000 francs.

They asked the shopkeeper not to sell it for three days, and they made this condition with the jeweller that he would buy it back again for 34,000 francs if the original one were found before the end of February.

Loisel possessed 18,000 francs which had been left to him by his father. He borrowed the rest. He went to usurers and to all kinds of money-lenders. From one he demanded 1,000 francs, from another 500 francs, 5 louis from this person, 3 louis from that. He got hopelessly into debt, and borrowed sums he felt certain he would never be able to pay back. Overwhelmed by the black misery which had fallen so suddenly upon him, he went to the jeweller and placed upon his counter the 36,000 francs demanded.

She became familiar with the weary monotonous drudgery of household affairs.

When Mme. Loisel took the necklace to Mme. Forestier her friend said with an annoyed air:

"You should have returned it to me before; I may have had occasion to wear it."

She did not open the case, and Mathilde felt relieved. If Mme. Forestier had perceived the substitution what would she have thought, and what would she have said? Indeed, might she not have had her friend arrested as a thief?

III.

Mathilde Loisel lived the horrible life of poverty. She, however, accepted her altered circumstances heroically. It was necessary to pay that frightful debt, and she would help to do it. The servant was sent away, and, the Loisels removed from their flat and took a shabby room under an attic.

She became familiar with the heavy monotonous drudgery of household affairs, the menial toil of the washtub, the scouring of dirty dishes and of saucepans. And dressed dowdily like a woman of the people, she haggled with the butcher and the greengrocer every morning, keeping a jealous eye upon each halfpenny.

It was necessary each month to pay the moneylenders, and to renew some of the bills in order to gain time.

Her husband laboured at nights over the accounts of small tradespeople, and he often did law-copying at twopence-halfpenny the folio.

And this life lasted for ten years.

At the end of that time they were straight again. They had paid off even the most grasping of money-lenders.

Mathilde Loisel looked old. She had become a strong, rugged, and hard woman. Badly dressed, coarse red hands, and she spoke in a shrill, high voice. But sometimes when her husband was at his office she sat by a window and dreamt of the Ministry ball of ten long years ago—that evening when she had been so beautiful and so courted.

What would she have been by then had she not lost that necklace? Who knows—who knows? How singular life is, how full of changes!

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IV.

One Sunday she went for a walk in the Champs Elysées to cast off for a brief space the heavy burden of the week's work. She suddenly perceived in front of her a lady walking with a child. It was Mme. Forestier, always young, always pretty, always seductive.

Mathilde felt moved at the sight of that charming woman. Should she go and speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid she would tell her all. Why not?

She went up to her.

"Good day, Jeanne."

The other did not recognise her, and was astonished at being accosted so familiarly by such a common-looking woman.

"But, madame, I do not know you. I fancy that you must be mistaken," she stammered.

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde, how changed you are!"

"Yes; I have gone through some hard times since I saw you last, and I have known many miseries. And you have been the cause of them all."

"I? How?"

"Do you remember that necklace of diamonds which you lent me to go to the fête at the Hôtel du Ministêre?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, I lost it."

"How could that be when you returned it to me?"

"I bought you another like it! And it took ten years to pay for it. You can guess that the task was not an easy one for us—we who have nothing. At last it is over, and I am heartily glad."

Mme. Forestier stopped her.

"You say that you purchased a collar of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You did not notice it then? The necklaces were exactly like one another."

And she smiled proudly.

Mme. Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands:

"Oh! my poor Mathilde! But mine was false. At the most it was only worth 500 francs!"

A SKELETON THEATRE.

This huge framework is not, as one might at first imagine, the scaffold of a vast building, theatre, or hotel. It is the theatre itself, the walls and the foundations and the roof combined. The bamboo is a wonderfully versatile plant in the east, being used in almost every trade and every undertaking. Wherever you go you find it in a different capacity — as a weapon of defence and as a delicate dish of vegetable; as a scaffolding pole; and as a sewing needle. It is everywhere and everything.

The Framework of a Chinese Theatre.

In this case it is the framework of a Chinese theatre. The great bamboo poles are fastened together with rope made of soaked fibres from the same plant, which, when joined together, form a tough cord indeed. Outside this gigantic frame will be affixed yards and yards of native oilcloth, serving to keep out the sun and rain, while in the inside the wall paper and decorations will be of rice paper covered with savage giants with mighty swords slaying ogres and dragons more horrible than the direst monster ever seen on a pantomime stage. These delight the heart of the heathen Chinee, always attracted by gaudy colours and bold design. The Chinese municipality, with true Oriental diffidence, ignore the fact that a touch of a match would set the building —if it can be called a building —into a flare in a second, and roast alive several hundred peaceful Celestials. However, the philosophic Eastern would regard the loss probably as a blessing in disguise. Besides, what are a few hundreds out of several hundred million?

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POLITICIANS AND THEIR FADS.

By Livingstone Black.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett.

Lord Salisbury delivers his most crushing remarks without either change of countenance or gesture.

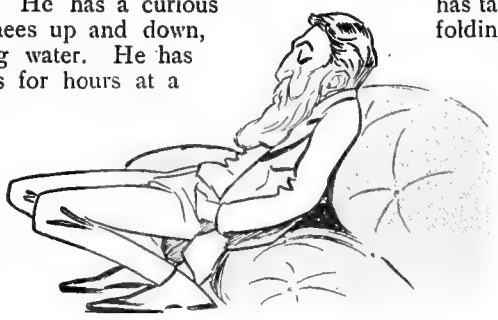
There is hardly a man in Parliament—at least, among those who assert themselves at all — who has not some marked peculiarity — some little trick of speech or gesture, which serves to distinguish him from others and which, in most cases, acts as an index to his personal disposition and character.

Lord Salisbury is no exception to this rule. Broadly speaking, his peculiarity consists in the fact, that seated he is one man, and delivering a speech, quite another. A deaf person would be sure to find Lord Salisbury's orations singularly unsatisfying, the language of gesture being in his case almost absent. He says the nastiest and most crushing things about an opponent without altering his attitude one iota; a mere inflection of his voice being the only sign of his spoken satire—none the less cutting, by the way, because it falls from the lips of a statue. All the time he stands with bent head, and hands hanging loose at his sides, or clasped behind his rounded back.

When seated Lord Salisbury loses much of this *sangfroid*, and sometimes appears very nervous indeed. He has a curious habit of working his knees up and down, as if he were treading water. He has been noticed to do this for hours at a stretch. The voice of the Premier is musical, and his delivery in general excellent, but he has one singular defect for so great a speaker. Now and again he lapses into a style suggestive rather of talking to himself than addressing the House, and he then becomes inaudible to the reporters' gallery.

But, if Lord Salisbury divides his time between calmness and perturbation, the same cannot be said of his colleague, the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke cannot be betrayed into anything like unseemly haste, or overweening anxiety. He is the "Weary Will" of the House. When not actually engaged in a speech he is lying about in all directions. Apparently, however, the essence of the debate mingles with his dreams, for he always has a good grasp of the subject when it comes to his turn to speak. But it is patent that the whole thing bores him awfully—his own speeches, perhaps, most of all—if we may judge by the yawns with which they are punctuated.

Lord Rosebery resembles the Premier inasmuch as he has two distinct manners, one for the House and one for the platform. In the House latterly he has seemed to try to control himself, to keep down his natural tendency for gesticulation. But he must have something to do with his hands, and he has taken to folding and unfolding, to turning and twisting a piece of ribbon. It is to be feared this new diversion will not last him long, but that he will return to his former trick of thumping the table as he denounces the noble lords opposite. On the platform, or at public dinners, Lord Rosebery lets himself go, so to speak.



The "Weary Will" of the Upper House. The Duke of Devonshire is always just on the verge of sleep, and the positions he assumes are more applicable to a snake than a man.

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Lord Rosebery has lately taken to fidgetting with a piece of ribbon when delivering a speech.

It is only the very rich who can afford to dress shabbily, and not even the rich do so without paying certain penalties. The Duke of Norfolk has the distinction of being the most carelessly-dressed among Peers. This matters not at all, of course, so long as his Grace is known; no one thinks of a nobleman's clothes. But with strangers it is different. With characteristic kindness the Duke threw open his grounds at Arundel Castle to the public, but in doing so he did not bargain to be ordered off his own grass.

Two Irishwomen, who were taking an airing in the park, noticing a shabbily-dressed man turn off the pathway and take a bee-line across a strip of the grounds, were very indignant at witnessing, as they thought, so flagrant a breach of hospitality. "Hi! come back here, come back here!" they cried. "Can't you read that notice staring you in the face? It is the likes of you as keeps the likes of us out of many a dacent place!"

There is a man now in the House of Lords whom pressmen cannot abide—Viscount Goschen. Not that they have any personal animus against him—their complaint is that they cannot hear him. I suppose that in the course of his career, the noble lord has been the cause of more lurid language in the Press Gallery than any other man living. It is not his fault, it is merely his eccentricity—an eccentricity linked to a natural misfortune—very bad eyesight.

His delivery caused an infinite amount of annoyance during his tenure of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer. With his head bent over the table, he would peer into an overwhelming mass of folios. He was always searching for things, and seldom found them. All the time he went on talking in a sort of monotone. In introducing his budget he lost his place among the hundred and one wretchedly-written slips of memoranda. And when he finally gave it up as a bad job, he remarked sanguinely: "I hope my figures will be understood when they are seen in the morning."

Viscount Goschen—the bugbear of reporters. He sees badly, he speaks badly, he can never find anything.

In the other House, from the members of the Government downwards, most of the leading and lesser lights have some little mannerism all their own.

"I wonder what's wrong?" "Nobody would be much astonished if the Duke of Norfolk appeared one day in the House with his coat on the wrong way. He is the worst dressed man in Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain is an absolutely unique personality. He is a product of this smart age, but he is also quite original. His eyeglass, his orchid, his frock coat and fancy waistcoat, have all become so identified with his personality, that it is impossible for the public mind to imagine him apart from any of these appurtenances. He is very faithful to the frock coat; the only concession that he will make in summer is to vary its colour from black to grey.

On arriving at the House Mr. Chamberlain always does the same thing. He will take from the table the orders for the day, glance at them, and then throw them down with an air of impatience. His next action is to adjust his eyeglass, thrust his legs straight out, and gaze round the House.

He is not a quick speaker, neither does he make use of much gesture. All his speeches are neatly written out, and are carefully prepared, and many of them are first committed to memory. When he is most calm, he is most

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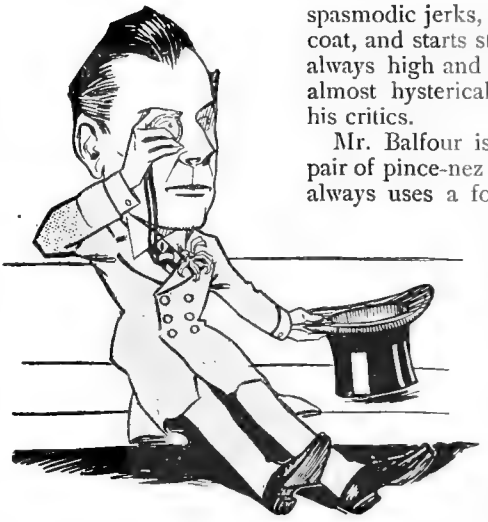
dangerous. As his intensity of feeling grows, he becomes paler and paler, his parchment-like skin being sometimes almost ghastly in its pallor.

Mr. Chamberlain has an overwhelming confidence in himself and his own powers, though not up to the estimate of a little girl in a Sunday School at Birmingham, who, when asked by her teacher, "Who made all this wonderful world, the sky, the trees, the flowers?" replied—"Please, Miss, Mr. Chamberlain."



Before speaking, Mr. Chamberlain stretches out his legs and screws his eyeglass into his eye.

Mr. Balfour also wears a frock coat, but it is of a different genus to that of Mr. Chamberlain, not so smart, but equally neat. Mr. Balfour is somewhat peculiar in matters of dress in the summer time. He then astounds the House with garments strangely in contradiction to his conventional attire of five-sixths of the year. In the very hottest weather he may be seen in a light transparent alpaca coat, such as no other man in or out of the House has ever been known to wear. Although it possesses tails—a great mistake in an alpaca coat—it somehow seems to give the effect of being even shorter than the usual lounge pattern.

At the commencement of a speech Mr. Balfour tugs at the lape's of his coat.

The Leader of the Government in the Lower House has also two manners. In repose he looks almost as slothful as the Duke of Devonshire, as he lies with his head resting on the Treasury Bench, and his long, thin legs marvellously twined. But a languid and philosophical smile, so characteristic of his temperament, plays over his features as he listens to hostile criticism.

There is no lack of energy in his delivery as he addresses the House. On gaining his legs he gives his garments three or four spasmodic jerks, seizes the lapels of his coat, and starts straight off. His voice, always high and feminine, mounts to an almost hysterical shriek as he chastises his critics.

Mr. Balfour is never seen without a pair of pince-nez of a choice pattern; he always uses a fountain pen. Notwithstanding his occasional lapses into irritability, he is far and away the best liked man in the House.

Talking of irritability immediately brings before the imagination the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Sir Michael very often gets heated, but very rarely explodes in the House. Motives of policy forbid. The volcano — though never extinct — is always smouldering. There was almost an eruption, however, when Mr. Lowther, having made certain suggestions, Sir Michael replied that if they were accepted it would involve a new Government. "Not at all," coolly answered Mr. Lowther. "It would only mean a new budget." There was a dangerous flash from the Parliamentary Vesuvius, but the streams of lava did not come.

Outside the House Sir Michael says what he thinks, and the process is not always pleasant to the person who provokes it. A Member of his own party, who thought he had a grievance, tackled Sir Michael in the smoke-room, and emerged a sadder and wiser man. He told some sympathisers he had often been insulted before, but it was something new to be dubbed "a confounded canting solicitor." The Chancellor is familiarly known in the

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is safer when not crossed.

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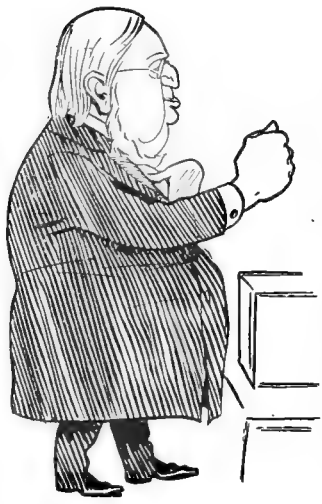

Sir William Harcourt's hand is the size of a small leg of mutton, and when speaking he thumps the table with it. Poor table!

House as "Black Michael."

Sir William Harcourt has a giant's strength, and uses it like a giant. Everything about him is gigantic; his very smile is colossal. The way he whacks the table with a fist as large as a small shoulder of mutton is Cromwellian. He is a man of infinite jest withal, but even his jokes are ponderous, and he frankly appreciates them; no one more so in the House. Most of his best quips mature with a flourish of his eye-glasses, of which he always carries a pair, as the spectacles on his nose.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's humour is quaint and pleasant; the style he adopts is more like a friendly chat than a formal address. And this confidential manner is heightened by his habit of leaning equably on the brass-bound books; he inclines his head slightly on one side, and holds the lapel of his coat. Sometimes he gently fans himself, though there is nothing of the Chinee about the Leader of the Opposition. He is a nervous speaker, and, somehow, does not give the House the impression of meaning what he says. There is something very bird-like about Mr. Labouchere, something between a magpie and a pert school boy. He speaks with his head on one side and with a twinkle in his eye. The system of putting a hat on a seat to retain the place, while the wearer was out, grew so abused that the two-hat rule came into force, which forbad a member leaving one hat on his seat while he went about his business in another. Mr. Labouchere is not the man to be beaten by a little technicality like that. Leaving his hat on the seat, he crept from the House in a skull cap, a form of headgear outside the letter of the act, and returned in his own good time, to an unlawful seat.

Sir H. C.-B. fans himself gently when addressing the House.

"Labby." He is the "*enfant terrible*" of the House. When speaking he invariably stands with his legs apart, and cocks his head on one side.

The poet of the House was Sir Wilfrid Lawson. When he had nothing better to do, the muse kindly came to his aid and impelled him to reach forth his hand for a stray copy of the orders of the day, on the back of which he penned his inspiration. When finished, he just threw it on the floor—for someone to pick it up and send it to the newspapers. He has a particularly quaint and somewhat perverse kind of humour, as when a Member, in urging the introduction of a pure beer bill, argued that it would do away with much liquor of a harmful, intoxicating quality, Sir Wilfrid, who was against the bill, against all beer in any form, wanted to know what was the use of beer at all if it did not intoxicate!

Mr. Gibson Bowles has a back bench seat, but a front bench manner. Some say that he is deserving of a more important position. This does not alter the fact that his political status is no greater than that of a medium sized fish, whereas he always talks

This is not Napoleon, but "Tommy Bowles." Among other eccentricities, one of which is the excellent opinion he entertains of himself, is his habit of thrusting his hand into his coat.

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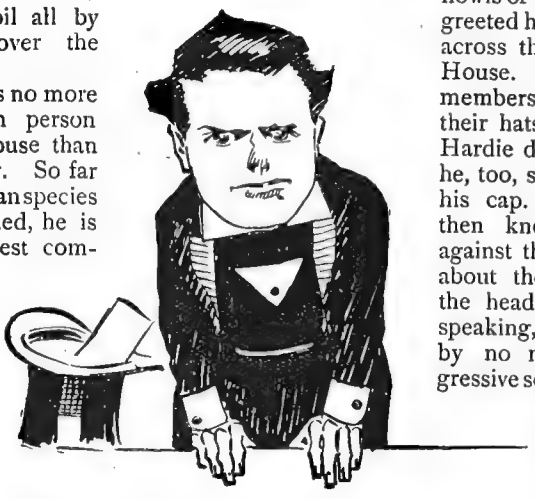
Mr. Lecky's legs and trousers never agree. Which are to blame? Are the trousers too short, or the legs too long?

like the big whales. And yet, there is a certain schoolboy perkiness with it all which mars his dignity, as if a man in endeavouring to make a stately exit from a large assembly should bear himself well until the door is reached and finally spoil all by tripping over the doormat.

There is no more Dickensian person in the House than Mr. Lecky. So far as the human species is concerned, he is perhaps best compared to an undertaker. He finds his counterpart in the animal creation, in the flamingo, so well described in "Alice in Wonderland," whose neck seemed to grow longer and longer. One always expects to see the other characters of that charming book gather round Mr. Lecky. His voice is like his figure — high and thin.



When speaking, Mr. Winston Churchill thrusts his head forward and clings like grim death to the bench in front of him.

Mr. Keir Hardie's grotesque arrival at the House rather belied his subsequent behaviour. In a wagonette, with flags flying and accordions playing, he came to take his seat. His personal appearance was in accordance with the vehicle; his unkempt hair straggled for freedom from beneath a tweed cap, his jacket and trousers were obtrusively short, and howls of "Order, order" greeted him as he walked across the floor of the House. Noticing other members sitting with their hats on, Mr. Keir Hardie did not see why he, too, should not wear his cap. He did not then know that it is against the rule to walk about the House with the head covered. In speaking, Mr. Hardie is by no means the aggressive sort of individual that many people imagine. He is, in fact, rather timorous than otherwise.

Mr. John Burns does not dress in so *outré* a manner as Mr. Hardie. He wears a bowler hat, which he tears from his head with comical energy, and with much detriment to the brim,

When Mr. Leonard Courtney is satirical he strokes his beard.

One of the most ungraceful speakers in the House, not in what he says, but in the way he says it, is Mr. Winston Churchill. His favourite attitude, when he has made a point, is to place both hands on his hips and smile broadly with satisfaction. At other times, when excited, he seems to be hammering home his words, with both hands raised aloft. He has a slight lisp; his head is always thrust forward, and more often than not he clings like grim death to the bench in front of him.

When the ex-member Mr. Courtney makes a satirical hit, he strokes his beard and smiles.

His cap is his eccentricity. When Mr. Keir Hardie first entered the House he walked to his seat with his hat on, amid yells of "Order!" He was ignorant of the rule by which this is forbidden.

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Waiting for his turn, Mr. John Burns sits with his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets.

when he rises to speak. Before speaking, his hands are invariably thrust deep into his trouser pockets. Notwithstanding his extreme views, he is a universal favourite.

The most sombre-looking individual in the House—and his looks do not belie his disposition—is Mr. John Dillon. More like a mute at a funeral than anything else, he seems to be perpetually protesting against the burial of a friend. He is a man who has never been known to smile. In physique he is tall with sallow complexion, says violent things in a shrieking voice, and defies the Chair with folded arms.

The most formidable and relentless of the Irish party—John Redmond, in a characteristic attitude.

Bunkum is a word which for years has been incorporated in the language, but how many people are aware that, like "boycoot," it originated in the name of a person. Mr. Bunkum is an American legislator, and in the view of some people he has his political counterpart in the English Parliament in Mr. John Redmond. Not that Mr. Redmond is insincere, for when he says a thing he always means it—at the time. But he has a somewhat rash way of rapping out remarks which, on more careful reflection, he would probably repudiate, and he is the admired of all French admirers, who regard him as the only true leader of democracy in the House of Commons.

He is certainly one of the most relentless of Opposition members; any stick is good enough for him to beat a Government dog with. Even his most fervent supporters were not with him when he counselled a general exodus from Parliament of all Irish members as a sort of protest against the iniquities of the Constitution. Such advice, if followed, savours too much of going without one's dinner, or cu ting off one's nose to spite one's face. Mr. Redmond is not the man to do such things, whatever he may threaten. As practical head of the Irish Party, he is likely to be with us for many a year to come.

Mr. Dillon, though an Irishman, is the most funereal-looking man in the House.

Mr. Asquith, Mr. Brodrick, Mr. John Morley, and Sir John Dilke have no particular eccentricities.

When the Speaker's hand tightens upon the arm of his chair members know that somebody is about to be called to order. And he never requires the least prompting as to what course to pursue.

The terrific scene in the House, in which certain Irish members took so prominent a part, made large calls upon such presence of mind as Mr. Gully possesses. That Mr. Gully gave general satisfaction in his courageous enforcement of the rules of the House goes without saying, but that he should have given almost equal satisfaction to the evicted parties is surely a revelation of his tactful management of an unpleasant situation. Everyone admitted that the job could not possibly have been done more neatly and efficiently.

When Mr. Gully grips the handles of his chair—Beware! Beware!

Mr. Gully is a strong man, but perhaps not quite so authoritative as Lord Peel, probably the best Speaker of modern times. And if any position in life more than another calls for the highest qualities of tact, firmness, and courage, is it not the mastership of Parliament, that miscellany of warring interests, personal ambitions, and—eccentricities?

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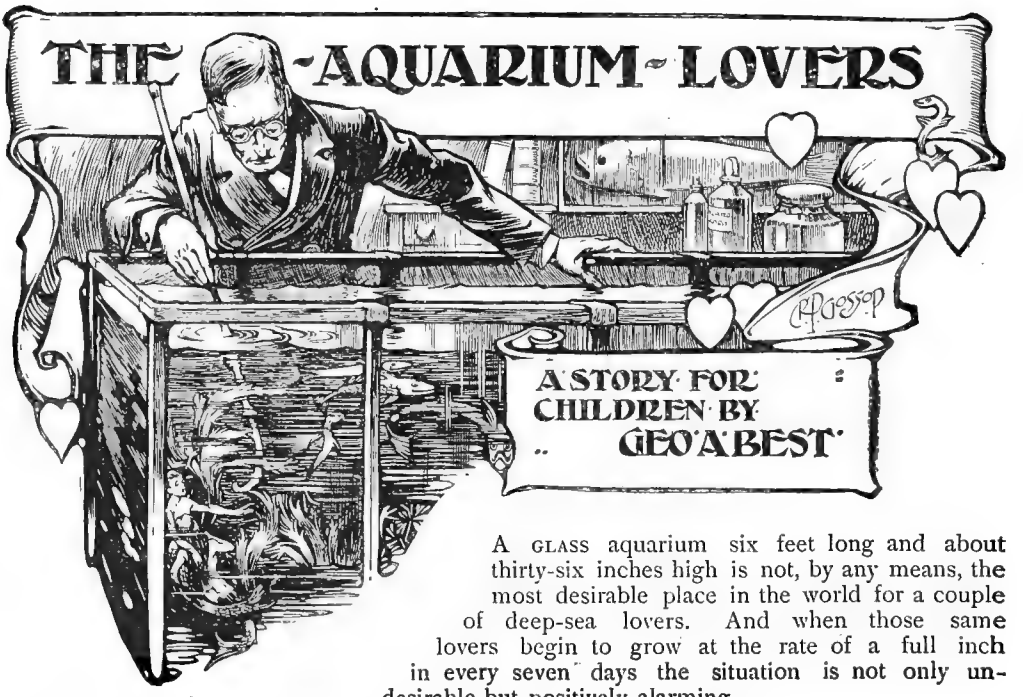

A GLASS aquarium six feet long and about thirty-six inches high is not, by any means, the most desirable place in the world for a couple of deep-sea lovers. And when those same lovers begin to grow at the rate of a full inch in every seven days the situation is not only undesirable but positively alarming.

In the first place, it is not nice to be compelled to do one's courting in a glass-house which is open on every side to the gaze of other people. The "other people," themselves, will acknowledge as much if you care to ask their opinion on the matter.

Then the space in a six feet aquarium is so limited that it is impossible to swim more than twenty strokes in any direction without knocking one's head against something hard, and this is especially humiliating when one is in the middle of a very tender and lover-like speech, because it is worse than silly to break off suddenly and rub your poor head in the presence of a sweetheart who is inclined to laugh at an accident of this kind. Ordinary men don't like this kind of humour, and mermen are no exception to the rule.

The tiny merman and maid who lived in Mr. Wilkin's Aquarium endured all the discomforts we have mentioned, and many more besides, for Mr. Wilkin was a collector of submarine specimens who was wont to peer through the glass panes of his hunting ground at all hours of the day and night.

But, luckily for the aquarium lovers, Mr. Wilkin was short-sighted—so short-sighted, indeed, that, although the greatest discovery of the century was actually under his nose every time he probed the tiny seaweed forest in search of specimens, he never landed anything more curious than a shrimp with two heads. This marine novelty was pounced upon and eaten on the spot by the family cat, a very deceitful animal which had hitherto been much petted and encouraged by the Professor because of the kindly and intelligent interest it had appeared to take in the fishing operations of its master.

In this way matters went on from day to day until Miss Winifred Wilkin, the Professor's only daughter, came home for the holidays after her first term at school. Winifred was a pretty little maiden, nine years old, who had been packed off to boarding-school at this very early age because the Professor was far more interested in deep-sea rubbish and ugly creeping things, than in little girls or boys.

Although Winifred always treated her father with great respect, and although Mr. Wilkin was very fond of his daughter, after a fashion, it cannot be denied that neither understood the other as father and daughter should do. This being so, it is no wonder that when Winifred first discovered the submarine lovers she decided that they would be more comfortable and happy in the aquarium than in a glass jar full of methylated spirit, and did not speak to Mr. Wilkin of what she had seen.

The tiny sea babies were swimming, hand in hand, through the clear water when

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Winifred's face first appeared at one of the glass panes of the aquarium; and the mermaid shrieked so loudly at this unexpected sight that a dozen air bubbles rose rapidly to the surface, where they burst one by one. Her lover, who was a manly little fellow in spite of his fishy appearance, did not shriek. He simply stood bolt upright on the tip of his tail, and, folding a pair of shapely arms across his bare chest, glared defiantly back at Winifred. It is somewhat difficult for a man scarcely more than two ounces in weight to look defiant and dignified, especially if he does not possess a single leg to stand upon, and the spectacle was so comical that the Professor's daughter laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

Now, when people laugh so heartily that they appear to be crying they are generally very much amused, and an amused person is usually harmless.

It was Winifred's hearty laughter, therefore, which did more than anything else to restore confidence to the hearts of the aquarium lovers. So when she climbed on to a chair, and, leaning over the tank, beckoned them to the surface, they obeyed the silent summons without any hesitation.

"Oh! what dear, lovely little creatures!" exclaimed Winifred, clapping her hands in delight.

"You won't capture us?" gasped the merman.

"Nor eat us?" added his lover breathlessly.

Winifred shook her head eagerly.

"I wouldn't hurt you for a whole shilling!" she declared solemnly. "And as for eating you, that is quite out of the question, because I don't like fried fish."

"But we aren't fried fish," said the little sea girl in an offended tone.

"Nor fish of any kind," added the merman indignantly.

Winifred laughed.

"I was thinking that you looked like a pair of very handsome whitebait—about the tail," she remarked in a complimentary tone. "Whitebait are very pretty fish, you know, and they are considered to be a real delicacy."

The merman lashed his tail furiously.

"Haven't I told you already that we object to be called fish!" he cried angrily.

"We regard it as an insult," said the mermaid. "And it is equally distasteful to us to be described as 'luxuries.' We're absolutely flavourless as an article of diet."

"Positively poisonous!" added the other tragically. "Whoever heard of potted mermaid!"

"I'm really very sorry to have hurt your feelings," said Winifred apologetically.

It is worse than silly to break off suddenly and rub your poor head in the presence of your sweetheart.

Google

"What can I call you without giving offence?"

"My name is Conger Halibut, but I'm generally called Connie by my friends," explained the mermaid; "and this gentleman is Mr. Shingle Barnacle."

"Are you sweethearts?" whispered Winifred eagerly.

"We're really very far gone indeed!" acknowledged Mr. Barnacle with a love-sick groan.

"And we can't get a quiet corner to ourselves," murmured Miss Halibut sighing heavily as she spoke.

"And we're very miserable," said the merman, "so miserable, in fact, that on more than one occasion we have attempted to die in each other's arms——"

"Without the slightest success," added the mermaid tearfully.

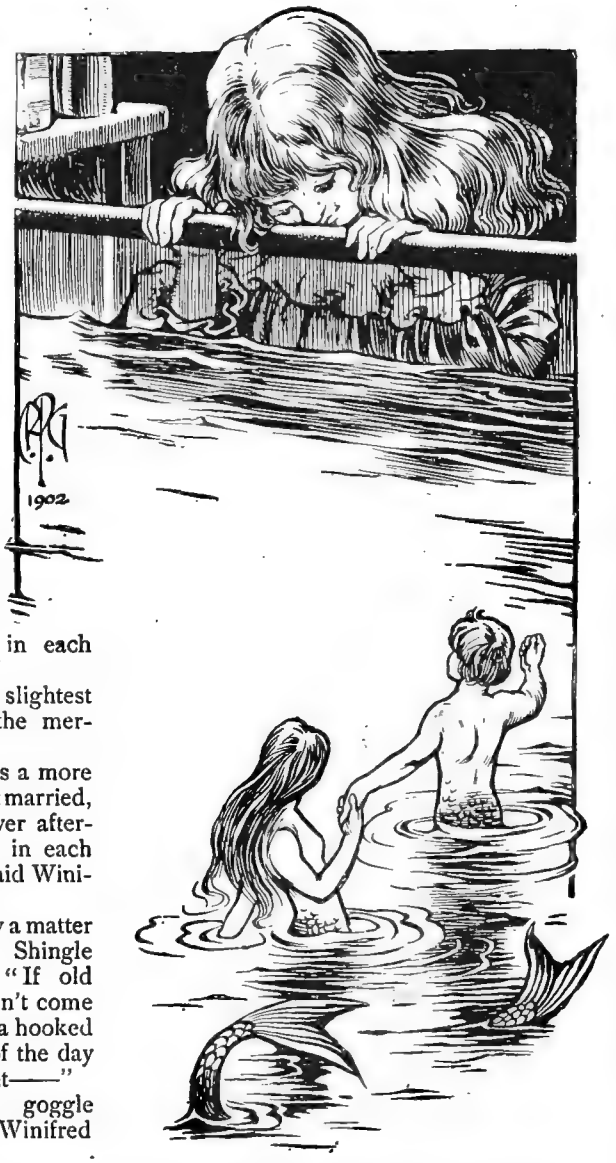
"But surely it is a more sensible plan to get married, and live happily ever afterwards than to die in each other's arms?" said Winifred with a smile.

"That is entirely a matter of opinion," said Shingle thoughtfully. "If old goggle eyes wouldn't come poking about with a hooked stick at all hours of the day and night we might——"

"Who is old goggle eyes?" asked Winifred sharply.

"The ugly old monster who is always fishing in this tank for specimens," replied the merman with a frown.

"You *must* know him," added Connie breathlessly. "He resembles nothing so much as a great, yellow-faced monkey."



"We object to be called fish," he cried angrily.

"I *do* know him," replied Winifred coldly. "He is my father."

The sea babies dived to the bottom of the aquarium to hide their confusion upon hearing this remarkable announcement. When they returned to the surface the merman said:

"I am truly sorry to have described your dear father as an 'ugly old monster.' Please accept my sincere apology."

And Connie, looking very much ashamed, murmured:

"I sincerely regret that I was so rude as to call your father a 'yellow-faced monkey.' Please forgive me."

"I forgive you both freely," said Winifred graciously, "because, of course, you did not know that I was Professor Wilkin's only daughter. He is really a very kind father, but I must warn you to hide away, wherever you can, as soon as you hear him approach. If you should be so unfortunate as to fall into the Professor's hands, you will be placed in a pickle jar full of methylated spirit, and posted at once to the British Museum. And in that case," she added mischievously, "you will die in each others arms, whether you wish to do so or not."

"What *shall* we do?" groaned the mer-

Google

maid helplessly. "We are growing with such extraordinary rapidity that we cannot much longer hope to conceal ourselves from the watchful eyes of the Professor. In another week we shall both be as large as the six-eyed lobster; and before the month is out we shall be just as visible as the pair of horned mackerel which your father feeds twice a day with his own hands. When we were the same size as aquarium shrimps it was an easy matter to hide ourselves among the seaweed; but in a year's time we shall be fully as big as the Professor himself!"

"It is an awkward position — very awkward," said Winifred thoughtfully. "I might certainly be able to persuade father to buy a larger aquarium; but as you will soon require a tank about as large as the Bay of Biscay it is useless to make such a suggestion to him."

The mermaid sighed pitifully. The jar of methylated spirit seemed horribly near at that moment.

"If you could only live out of water for about eight hours I would pack you both in a box and post you to a friend of mine who lives at Brighton," continued Winifred. "I would inclose a letter in the same box, and ask her to be so kind as to drop you into the sea at the earliest possible moment."

Mr. Shingle Barnacle leaped clean out of the water when he had heard Winifred's suggestion.

"Where is the box?" he cried excitedly, "If you will line it with wet seaweed we shall be able to keep ourselves alive and fresh for a whole day. Post us to Brighton without a moment's delay—it is our only chance of escape! The Professor may return and discover us at any moment!"

"I must write the letter to my friend, Miriam, first," explained Winifred hastily. "Father has gone to the railway station to order a fresh keg of sea-water. If he should return to the aquarium before I've prepared the box and finished my letter to Miriam, you must hide away among the seaweed as you have done before."

And in two minutes' time Winifred had seated herself at the Professor's writing-table to commence the all important letter to her friend.

"Dear Miriam," (she wrote). "This box contains a real mermaid and her lover, whom I found in father's aquarium at home. They are both alive, so please handle them very carefully, *and don't let the cat get hold of them whatever you do.* They are very anxious to get back to the sea, so if you keep them at home it will be *a great sin and a shame.* Please run down to the beach *at once* and drop them into the water when nobody is about. In great haste,

"Your loving friend,—

Winifred Wilkin."

No sooner had Winifred signed her name to this remarkable note, than the door of the study was thrown violently open, and the Professor dashed into the room in a state of terrible excitement.

"Where is my waterproof lantern, child?" he demanded in a voice shaky with emotion. "I must have my lantern at once—I have discovered a pair of wonderful creatures in my aquarium. They are hiding away among the seaweed at this moment. Find my lamp for me, Winifred, while I run down to the laboratory for the methylated spirits. I must secure the marvellous specimens and preserve them without a moment's delay!"

For once Winifred committed an act of great disobedience. Instead of searching in the study for the Professor's lamp she dashed upstairs to the aquarium room on the next floor. A couple of tiny dolls lay on a chair beside the tank, one dressed as a lady of fashion and the other as a sailor boy.

Without a moment's hesitation Winifred tore the clothes from the backs of her dolls, and threw a complete walking costume and a sailor's suit into the aquarium. The lovers were sobbing bitterly amongst the seaweed, and the surface of the water was covered with grief bubbles and dolls' clothing. The water babies rose rapidly when Winifred tapped upon the glass panes of the tank.

"We are discovered and all is lost!" cried the little merman wringing his hands.

"I have come to save you," shouted Winifred. "Dress yourselves quickly in these clothes, and then lie at the bottom of the tank as stiff and lifeless as though you were dead. Father will then think that you are only my dolls which have fallen into the water by accident, and he will lift you out and hand you to me. The box is quite ready for you."

"But—but I don't know *how* to dress?" cried Miss Halibut rapidly buttoning up a smart jacket with the lining outside.

"I never felt more uncomfortable in my life," said the merman with his tail inside one leg of a pair of white duck trousers.

"Quick!" exclaimed Winifred. "The Professor is coming upstairs! Never mind about your feelings or your appearance—dress anyhow!"

Google

Professor Wilkin entered the room at this moment.

"I have found my lamp, thank you, Winifred," he said. "It was in the laboratory. And now, my dear," he continued exultingly, "we will capture those priceless specimens without delay."

Winifred stood by, trembling violently, while her father lowered the lamp into the dark waters of the aquarium and peered anxiously through the glass panes.

"Why, what is this rubbish, Winifred?" he cried at length, leaning over the tank and diving his arm to the bottom. "If you can't keep your stupid, poisonous dolls out of my aquarium, I shall stop your allowance of pocket money! Here, take the silly things down to your nursery, and never let me see them in this room again."

And the hearts of the "dolls" were beating wildly as Winifred carried them down to the play-room.

* * * * *

On the following morning a dainty little maiden tripped lightly over the sands at Brighton, holding a battered cardboard box tightly in her hand.

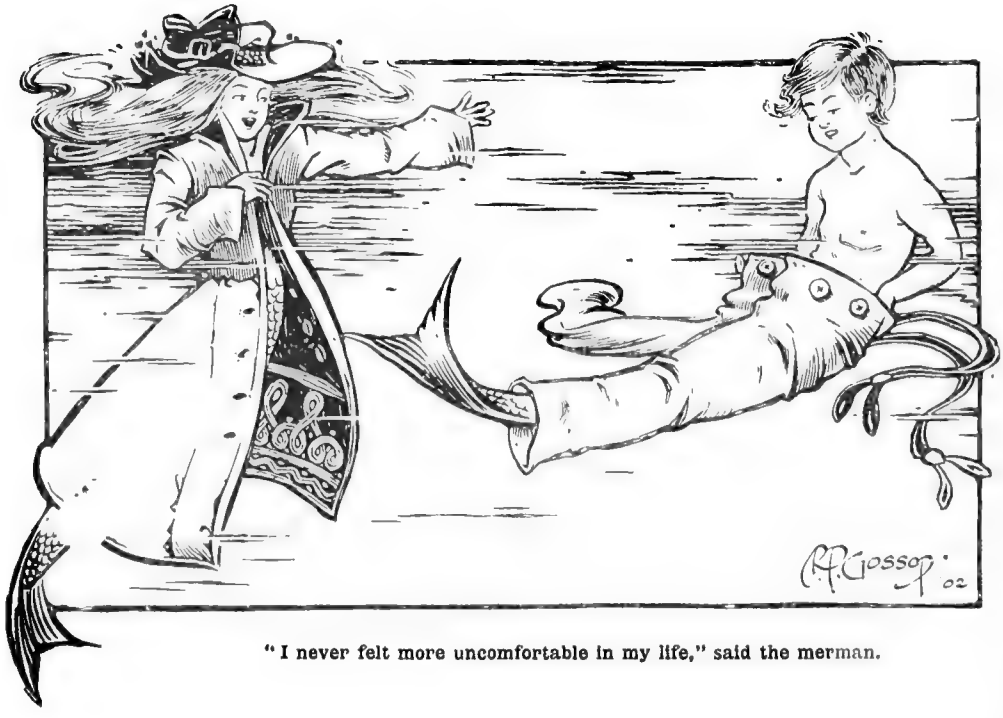
"I should dearly love to keep you both," she said speaking through a hole in the lid of the box, "but Winifred says it would be a sin and a shame to do so."

"It would, indeed!" exclaimed a weak, muffled voice from the interior of the box. "I wouldn't travel by parcel's post again for a King's ransom! We have been standing on our heads for six hours, and the seaweed is drying rapidly. We are very sick and faint."

Miriam drew the exhausted lovers out of their tiny travelling case, and gently bathed them in a pool of sea-water which the receding tide had left behind.

"How do you feel now?" she asked gently.

Miriam's kind inquiry was never answered, for in a moment the aquarium lovers had slipped through her fingers and swam rapidly down the little tidal stream which flowed from the rocky pool, away across the sands, to the great sea beyond.



"I never felt more uncomfortable in my life," said the merman.

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The Cult of the Lorgnette

The society lady goes nowhere without her lorgnette.

She can then freeze you with her stare.

By Margaret Noel.

Photographs posed for by Miss Jessie Bateman and published by permission of the "New York Herald."

In the old days, the early days, the days when

First great George was dead and gone,
George II. was plodding on,

when the fair sex to add to their charms, assumed patches and powders, one of their chief weapons of attack, of conquest, was the fan. In old volumes of the time, we read of the fan treated scientifically. It was as important a thing to manipulate the fan correctly, as it was to be able to take one's place in the minuet. A movement of the fan was ordained for each mood or varying fancy of an age of extravagances and absurdities. There was the fan coquettish, the fan coy, or the fan alluring.

However, these days have passed away with the powdered hair and the silver patch box, and, perhaps, the courtly grace of that age. The fan exists still, but its glory has faded; its day is past. To whom shall it yield the laurels it has worn for so many years?

Surely to the lorgnette.

But what is the lorgnette? We find that it is "a little glass, which is used to see objects a short way off." The word "lorgnon," we find described as a "concave pebble for the short-sighted, a convex one for the long-sighted, supported by a stick of metal or of shell." The lady of fashion of yesterday may have been charming with her fan, but to-day, with the lorgnette, she is invincible.

Her smile of welcome is trebly enhanced, as, recognising you at the crowded At Home,

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"Whom did you say this picture was by?"

she holds out a hand of friendly greeting. At the Private view she assumes the *rôle* of a critic of art. She pauses before a picture on the line, her lorgnette raised, examining it in every detail—a formidable critic indeed. No little flaw will escape her; she notes the colour, the composition, and the varying tones. Before her magic glasses Raphael himself would shake in his shoes.

Madame is offended. See her haughty glance, hard as the winter, and as the winter cold, a dire and dreadful thing, as she regards you scornfully through those fateful glasses. Before, you were, perhaps, crushed and humbled; now, beneath the lorgnette's charm, you are utterly routed. You feel that you have fallen, never to rise again, so great is the power of that little contrivance of tortoise-shell and glass.

In ordinary conversation too, the lorgnette is supreme. You venture to contradict your fair companion; she shakes her lorgnette in your face and repeats her arguments, picking off each point daintily on her fingers. You attempt to reply, but it is useless; the lorgnette is held up demanding instant silence. And when the lady has finished, before you can utter a word, she points the instrument straight in your face, like a pistol, plainly implying—"Now, my dear man, refute that, if you dare! Why, you have not got a leg to stand on!" And she is quite right. You have not got a leg to stand on.

The lorgnette has knocked your last support away; your retreat has been cut off entirely. Certainly, in a point of verbal contest, the lorgnette wins the day. Its

"What a funny little man you are!"

Google

dramatic value in society, is, on this point at least, immense.

It takes the place of the fan, too, and with equal success. What can be more entrancing, more delightful, than that little tap on the sleeve, full of playful reproof, from the cunningly-embossed article of tortoise-shell, as the fair owner smilingly acknowledges a well-turned compliment or applauds a witty speech.

But we have hitherto spoken of the subject of this article only from its lighter side. Apart from its capacity as a general entertainer, it has its own work to do. A lady may, we believe, be permitted to have a defective sight. She cannot wear spectacles,

"What does the man mean?"

"Well, that woman is a fright!"

they are so unbecoming; *pince-nez*, too, have hardly a beautifying effect, and when worn beneath a veil are most uncomfortable.

Here, then, is a great and serious difficulty to be solved. The lorgnette steps in. No longer need madame strain her eyes to recognise a friend, to scrutinise her neighbour's toilette, or to criticise the latest work of London's newest artist.

Necessity has provided a charming instrument of tortoise-shell and gold, a graceful combination of utility and beauty. Not only is this instrument used by dowagers and elderly ladies, but it is making its way to the four corners of the world with rapidity and increasing strength.

Google

Our Private Theatricals—

By Hilda Cowham

The

Dear

m stay g down h 4 a day 2 with Stuart of the lowr 5,th— rather A n sort of Last was a partE, and we got up private theatricals; they were such fun.

It's no end of a dodge 4 a party, tell U. Jack Summers and Beech Minor r staying h also, so there w Just a n number of us, with the 3 . Oh, 4 got 2 tell u. Stuart h 3 sisters, stunners all of them especi 1; she's a treat, but u'll h about her later on, old ; as w saying, we all of us decided 2 get up these things. were 2 B serious & comic. -how they turned out mostly comic, tho' they werent' in.ed 2. But t was'nt our fault. Of t was a good of squ bl g. 2 w was 2 B played and who was 2 play it, & all that. Now U kno th m her A serious

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looking , but I must B taken as they wanted me 2 t the funny parts & Beech Minor, who has a that would make a they w ed him 2 play "An Ardent Lover, and serious parts like t ! anyway, after A d of discussion and unnecessary of we came 2 this decision:— T t were 2 B 6 tablo's, that they were 2 B:— viz

① An elopement (" wasn't in t).

② "Kittens (wasn't in that "ther).

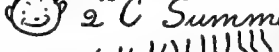
③ An 'Rdent L (very funny).

④ 2 (a hit).

⑤ Little (all the 2 B in that; we had 2 have them 3 in a row, with 3 and 3 — we 3 were the spiders).

⑥ & t we furnished up with 10 little ; it was fun practising 4 the affair. U would come a+ the others all sorts of out of the wayplaces trying t parts: 4 instance, Dolly (ts the nicest) & would sit on the any convenient spot we could find & try over our part. 2. It was fine fun; we came qu te adepts at it. Also you'd C Beech going about with his "Ardent Lover "Xpression, and Little 's

were spread about the room with doing their parts on the landing, & so on till the evening.

At last the came, & was int; I told u in the 1st Tableaux; but only died of 2 C Summers with Gr , (thats the eldest she's 6  high, & you know the size of Summers) and Beech Minor standing in the background the rate father in Colonel Stuarts coat, which had 2 have a tuck taken in to keep it off the ground, & hes stuffed 2 keep Beech's from going in & disappearing altogether Oh, it was funny!

T came "Kittens". That was her silly as said before, Dolly sat on a with her pet on her knee. The seemed her afraid of the screen we had brought down from the ry & had A lot of n painted all over it. xpect he had A guilty conscience.

After that, "An Ardent Lover". Now u imagine Beech Minor, an Ardent Lover, grovelling at the or a long way low the of a of 3 or 4 sitting in a very high ?. The audience enjoyed it, so did , immensely. But the next tablo was the hit of the evening. After practising as we had, all day long it ought 2 have ped off .

W had an Arbour erected of with a

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made with a that had a reflected in it, & the stage was all d , & Dolly & were sitting in the arbour:— , it w encored 6 t s a success 4 u, old !

Beech told me afterwards that it was like life.

After that "Little Miss seemed rather tame, although t was such A of it, and the 10 little , wasn't bad 4 A finish, we all had our faces mine isn't clean yet, & had 2 borrow 4 from the ry 2 make up. the set; so it wasn't so bad, the audience were d ed with the whole affair, and each cong ulated me on my performance.

say old , we will do some at my party when give it; may B we'll do "P.P.", Dolly, & , and secret, old , we havn't q wen ups practising yet & don't want 2.

yours,

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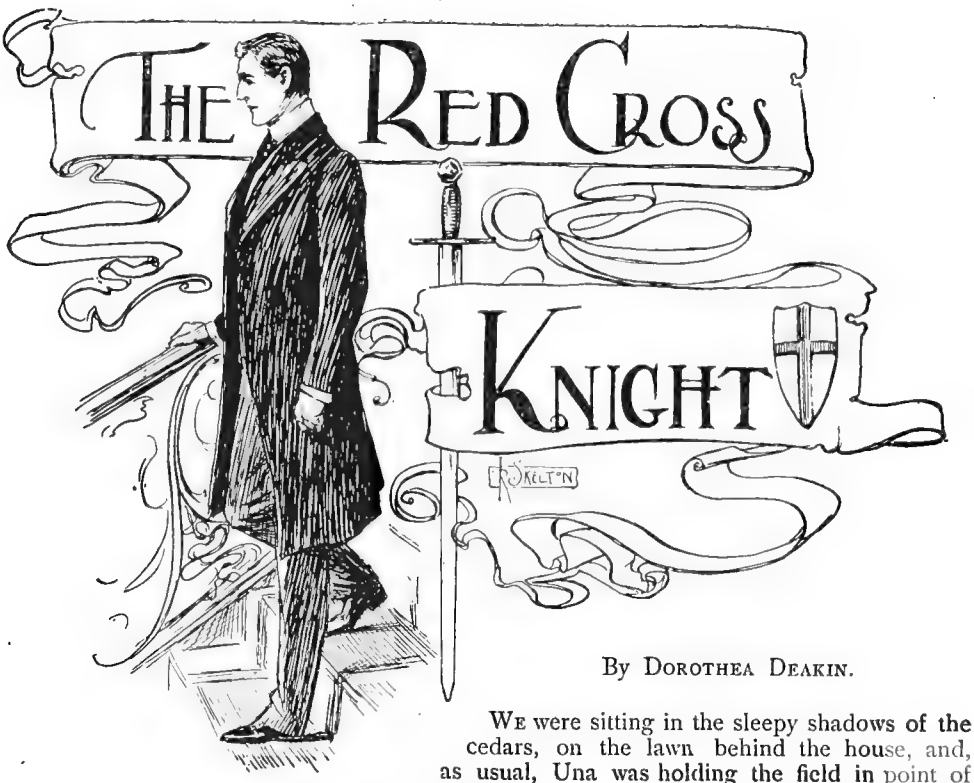

By Dorothea Deakin.

We were sitting in the sleepy shadows of the cedars, on the lawn behind the house, and, as usual, Una was holding the field in point of conversation. We had finished our tea, Una had eaten nearly all the cream-cakes, and the grass for three feet round her chair was literally carpeted with books and chocolate boxes and greengages and nectarines from those two ridiculous young men—sent, I suppose, to tempt her "delicate appetite."

"You have eaten eight cream-cakes," I said presently, "and half a box of chocolates, in the last half hour. I wish Charlie and Mr. Drummond could have seen you. It is absolute nonsense for them to go on sending grapes and things to you."

"They can't help it," Una murmured. "They are so fond of me, you see. I suppose I shall have to make up my mind about one of them soon."

"I don't believe you have got any mind to make up," I replied candidly.

"I can't think why they like me so much," she went on, looking at me out of the corner of one of those distracting hazel eyes. But I knew she was fishing for a compliment, and so naturally I didn't take the bait.

"It is a strange taste," said I.

Una laughed.

"You don't think so, really," she said, "and neither do I. But, Lesbia, it is really getting serious—I can't marry both of them, and I know that they are both going to ask me. I have got to make up my mind somehow. It is a pity that they are both so exceedingly nice."

"Mr. Drummond has all the brains," I said.

"And Charlie has all the good looks," Una said thoughtfully.

"Well, then, if you intend to go by mere beauty, make up your mind to take Charlie—when he offers himself. He has the kindest heart in the world, as well as the handsomest face."

"I don't agree with you," Una cried quickly. "No one could be kinder than Mr. Drummond; and then he always gives me such an impression of silent strength. I could trust him with anything, Lesbia. He is a perfect rock."

"Then have him by all means," I said, "if you want to marry a rock. You certainly share each other's tastes in books and pictures and all the things that really matter.

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"You aren't in love with either of them," I continued. "I think you ought at least to wait a little while before you decide. I don't think your real Red Cross Knight has turned up yet, my pretty Una."

"I am very fond of them both," she said, "and I know I could be perfectly happy with either of them. Charlie is a darling, but Mr. Drummond is a man to look up to—it would be such a good thing for me, Lesbia, to marry a man with such ideals; because then I should be obliged to live up to them, if I wanted to keep his love."

"If you talk about keeping his love," I said wisely, "there is another question which may help you to decide. Which of them, I wonder, is the fondest of you?"

Una sighed. "I wish I knew," she said, "I wish I knew. There must be only one Red Cross Knight, but I can't find out which it is. Charlie loves me to distraction, I know he does—and Mr. Drummond is just the sort of man to feel what the novels call 'the true lasting love which endures to the very end.' I am sure they have both been splendid all the time I have been ill."

"Yes!" I smiled a little. "It must almost have made your illness worth while, to find out how much you are wanted. It was almost worth the fright of that awful night, Una, and the burns."

Una shuddered. "Don't remind me of that again. Just think how I might have been disfigured," she said gravely.

I looked at my sister's round, charming face. Her skin was as delicately tinted as a miniature on ivory, and her hair was a kind of dark auburn. No wonder everybody fell in love with her.

"It would have saved you the trouble of this decision," I said slowly.

Una flushed.

"Lesbia," she cried, "you can't think—you don't believe that—that it would have made any difference to them?"

"I am afraid it would have made all the difference in the world," I answered sadly. "Beauty is nearly everything to a girl, Una. Men don't fall in love with the treasures of our minds, priceless though they may be."

"Oh!" Una cried hotly, "it is horrid of you, Lesbia. I won't believe it, either. Fancy being married because one happens to have a pink-and-white skin and a straight nose!"

"*And* hazel eyes," I added, "not to speak of hair the correct Venetian tint of red. I shouldn't wonder if it is your hair which attracts Mr. Drummond—he thinks he has an artistic eye for colour, I believe."

"They can't help it," Una murmured.

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Una jumped up and paced the lawn indignantly with unusual energy. It was the middle of August, and I don't know how she could. I looked at her admiringly, acknowledging to myself that, even in brown holland, Una looked charming, and that, although she was neither tall nor stately, she was very graceful—but that is nothing; any girl can look graceful who makes a study of slow movements, if her skirt is long enough, and she doesn't tread on it.

"You are wrong," she said, "you are wrong, and I am going to prove it."

"You can't do that," I said, shaking my head.

"Indeed I can," Una said quickly. "Look here, Lesbia! You think that if my face had been badly burnt and scarred, neither Charlie nor Mr. Drummond would have wanted to marry me."

"I didn't go quite as far as that," I replied, half wishing I hadn't said anything at all, and wondering rather uncomfortably what Una had got in her head now; "but I don't believe they would have fallen in love with you in the first place."

"Very well," replied Una with a grim determination that was atmost comic, "we shall see. I will put them both to the same test, and then I shall know which of them really loves me the best. If one of them is the real Red Cross Knight, he will pass unscathed through the ordeal."

I was beginning to get very uneasy.

"Una," I cried, "for Heaven's sake don't do anything rash. If you don't take care you may lose them both."

"You needn't worry," said my sister calmly. "Luckily I have more faith in them than you have. And now I am going in—it is too hot outside for anything."

Without another word she went, leaving the humble offerings of fruit and flowers and chocolates for me to collect and bring in as usual.

* * * *

Oddly enough, in the course of the next few days, Una had letters from both her admirers, and they were both more or less to the same effect. . . . They were so glad, they said, to hear that she had almost recovered from the shock, and was nearly well again, and that she was allowed to see people at last. "Might he venture to call upon her soon?" Mr. Drummond wrote. "He had a question to put to her which meant everything in the world to him." . . .

Charlie (who is our cousin) expressed himself rather differently, and ended up by saying he was "jolly well coming now whether he was allowed to or not."

"I thought something would happen soon," Una said. "Now is my opportunity, Lesbia. Now, my dear, we shall see."

She sat down at once and answered both notes, and presently she handed over the first one for my inspection.

It was addressed to James Drummond, Esq., and this is how it ran:

DEAR MR. DRUMMOND,—Thank you very much for your note and for all the nice things you have so kindly sent whilst I have been ill. I shall be very pleased to see you to-morrow if you care to call, but I feel it only right to tell you that you must expect to see a great change in me; indeed, I think it would be better if you did not try to see me, for I am afraid I shall shock you very much when you come.

With kind regards, sincerely yours,

UNA STANDRING.

I put the paper down without a word.

"Charlie's is just the same," she said lightly. "What do you think of it?"

"I think you will be very sorry if you send those letters," I replied slowly. "I think you are very, very wrong. No good will come of this, Una. It isn't fair to any man; it certainly isn't a proper test."

"Yes," said Una gravely, "it is perfectly fair, and I hope I shall live and die an old maid if all my chances of future happiness are to depend on my looks."

And when Una spoke in this tone I knew by experience that remonstrance was useless, and that my headstrong sister would go her own foolish way regardless of me.

"It isn't likely that any young man could come triumphantly through such an ordeal as that," I said to myself. "Una will lose them both if she isn't careful. They are both much too good to be trifled with in this way."

"Una," I said gravely the next morning, as she stood before the looking-glass, making herself perfectly hideous with grease-paint, "you ought to be able to make up your mind without this. You oughtn't to promise to marry any man unless you feel that you can't possibly live without him."

"But I feel like that to both of them," Una answered sadly, tying a large linen bandage over one eye, "that is why it is all so difficult."

When she had finished the result was too terrible to be described. She had screwed her pretty auburn hair into a flat knob at the back of her head, and put on a painfully unbecoming cap.

"All my hair has been burnt away," she said, laughing at my disgust, "and I have to

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wear a bandage over my left eye because my sight is injured by the flames. Oh, Lesbia! *did* you ever see such a perfectly revolting sight in your life? I shall never dare to go down like this—I am almost inclined to—Shall I wash it all off, Lesbia, and not let the wretched thing go any further?"

"Oh, do, do!" I cried unwisely. "Do give it up before it is too late? I know you will be sorry for it—it isn't fair, Una; to yourself or to—to them."

I ought to have known that a little opposition was all that my sister wanted to clinch her determination. These hasty words of mine settled everything.

"My dear Lesbia," she said, "it will be the wisest thing I have ever done in my life. If every girl had the sense to try her lover in some such way as this—"

"No girl would ever get married," I murmured.

Una laughed—and presently going down into the drawing-room, carefully arranged herself in the darkest corner of the room. Both the blinds were down; Una had wisely chosen one of Auntie's frequent shopping days in town for the trial of devotion, and she had explained her peculiar and bandaged appearance to the servants with a simple story of neuralgia and earache, while she took care that they did not see the horrible painted marks on her cheeks. I was perfectly miserable myself—I knew that this ridiculous plan could do no good to anybody, and I couldn't help the feeling that it was desperately unfair to all of them.

At last I couldn't bear it any longer, and slipped away from the room on the pretence of keeping the servants as much out of the way as possible.

"I ought to do something," I told myself as I went across the hall to the dining-room. "I ought to take the law into my own hands—Una is very determined, but I am not going to let her lose her lovers in this ridiculous way. But what on earth can I do?"

I sat down heavily in the nearest chair and tried to shake my brains together sufficiently to find a feasible idea.

"The only thing I can do," I said disconsolately, "is to tell them both the whole truth. And, if I do that, she will be furious with me, and everything will be as uncomfortable and undecided as it was before. Una is ridiculous about her Red Cross Knight—there are no Red Cross Knights nowadays, only very ordinary young men, and they ought to be treated only in very ordinary ways."

So I sat down and thought, and thought, till I had given myself a racking headache; but I came to no decision at all, and then all at once the front door bell rang a loud peal, and I knew that my sister's last chance of retreat had gone.

It was Mr. Drummond, and he was standing patiently in the porch with a large parcel of books in his hand as usual, and a very serious expression.

"What a good face he has," I said to myself as I watched him from my muslin ambush. "He would make a splendid husband for Una—he is so strong and reliable and so very, very clever. If she had any sense at all she would have chosen him at once, without another thought for poor Charlie. Charlie is all very well—and he is the best company in the world, but—as Una herself said, Mr. Drummond is a perfect rock."

"Show Mr. Drummond in here," I whispered hurriedly to the maid as she crossed the hall, and the next moment I was shaking hands with him and agreeing heartily with his remarks about the great heat.

"I will tell him everything," I said to myself, "and then he will behave to Una as if nothing had happened, and she will discover that he is the real Red Cross Knight who loves her devotedly, in spite of her lost beauty."

The difficulty was to know how to begin.

"How is Miss Una?" was the first thing he said.

"Una is still very weak," I said slowly; "she has to be kept from any excitement. Mr. Drummond, you won't mind my asking you something?"

"Of course not"—very quickly and anxiously.

"You said in your letter," I went on, hesitating a little for the right words, "that—that—you had something important to ask Una—I am so afraid of her being upset—if you could give me any idea—"

His pale clever face grew almost crimson, and for a moment he seemed to be lost in thought.

"There is no reason why I shouldn't tell you," he said at last. "And you must certainly have seen yourself—how—how much I was attracted by your sister. I didn't speak to her before, because I was not quite sure—I had an idea that Miss Una was fond of her cousin."

"Yes?" I said encouragingly.

"Then your sister had that awful accident with the lamp, and when I heard that she had

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been in danger I found out how much she was to me—I am very unhappy and unsettled in my mind, and to-day I thought—"

"You thought you would ask her if she cared for you?" I said, gently, trying to help him.

"Yes!" he said in a low voice, "I thought I would put an end to my doubts for good and all. Miss Standring, *you* surely know! Is there any hope that your sister will say 'yes' to me?"

He looked down into my face with eager brown eyes, and I told myself again that, charming as Una was, she did not deserve such a lover as this.

"I know no more about Una's heart than you do," I answered slowly, "or, indeed, than she does herself."

And then I told him everything. I told him of Charlie's attachment to Una, and of her great liking for them both, and of her ridiculous plan to put their devotion to the test. Mr. Drummond looked a little sad, I thought, when I told him about Charlie, but his face brightened when I showed him what a pull he had over the poor boy, now that he knew everything, and was able to be on his guard when Una showed him her disfigured face.

"And now," said I, when I had told him all, "you had better go upstairs and try your luck. You have my good wishes at any rate."

He thanked me, and went slowly upstairs and was alone with Una for at least an hour. I didn't see him again, and when I went into the drawing-room after he had gone, Una's face—or what I could see of it for paint and bandages—was radiant.

"Clever, clever Lesbia!" she cried, dancing about the room with her invalid shawl hanging by one shoulder: "You see you were wrong after all. Mr. Drummond is an angel—I'm almost sure I like him the best—he didn't seem a bit disgusted."

"That was strange," I murmured, feeling guiltily that if this was how Una was going to take it, I had played it very low down on Charlie.

"He wants *me*," she went on triumphantly. "He isn't in love with my face, he says, but with the real me. He says he has watched my beautiful mind growing and developing ever since he first saw me. *You* didn't know I had a beautiful mind, did you, Lesbia?"

"Mr. Drummond hasn't known you as long as I have," I answered calmly. "You are a ridiculous little humbug, Una. I suppose, then, that these raptures mean that you are engaged to him?" I questioned.

"Nothing of the kind!" said Una quickly. "There is still Charlie to come. I am going to give Mr. Drummond my answer next week. Lesbia," she went on doubtfully, "I can't help having a few tiny doubts about Charlie. I can't help feeling that it is just barely possible that he won't stand the test. He always thought so much about mere beauty, didn't he? He always was a perfect donkey about a pretty face."

"All men are," I remarked wisely—then, remembering suddenly—"except Mr. Drummond, of course. If Charlie fails you, Una, it won't matter much, will it? You have the real Red Cross Knight to fall back upon, haven't you?"

"Ye-es," said Una. "But this paint is so sticky and nasty, and Lesbia—"

"Yes," I said.

"I wish it was all over, don't you?"

"It would have been a great deal better if it had never been begun," I answered sensibly. "As it is, you had better make the best of it. You may think yourself uncommonly lucky that you have kept even one of your young men."

"You don't know what real love is," cried Una hastily, and I smiled a little as I thought of something which didn't belong to this story and which Una had no part in.

Charlie didn't come till five o'clock. Una, I supposed, was asleep in the drawing-room, and when I heard his jolly voice in the hall I almost felt inclined to play a fair game after all, and put the final spoke in Una's wheel; undeceiving him as I had undeceived Mr. Drummond.

"It is hard on him, poor boy," I murmured, as I waited for him at the top of the stairs. "It isn't likely that he'll make love to her in that frightful disguise, with all those bandages and horrid paint. He is sure to feel disgusted and disappointed, and then he'll show it, and then Una will think he has never really loved her. He hasn't had a fair show. I have a good mind to tell him, and leave her exactly where she was before—but no—better leave it as it is. Mr. Drummond will make the best husband, and Una's happiness is more to me than anything else just now."

Charlie was twenty-five, tall, fair, and handsome. He had the finest pair of grey eyes I have ever seen, and he came upstairs three steps at a time, as usual.

"Hallo, Lesbia!" he cried, when he saw me, "how are you, and how is Una? What's all this nonsense about a great change in her? I suppose she means she's weak and run

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down, and that sort of thing. I heard that she was hardly burnt at all—I suppose it is the shock which has upset her?"

"When you go into the drawing-room you will see what she means," I said gravely, and his handsome face fell at my tone.

"You don't mean—?" he said quickly. "She didn't mean—that—that—she is disfigured? Lesbia, she isn't scarred, is she? She isn't disfigured for life? Her pretty hair—"

"I can't tell you," I answered hurriedly. "I can't tell you—you must go to her, and see for yourself; and, Charlie—"

"Yes?" his bright face had grown quite gloomy, and he seemed to shrink from the revelation which was waiting for him in the drawing-room.

"Try to hide your feelings as much as possible," I whispered. "Don't let her see it if you are very much disgusted."

He looked frightfully upset, and for the hundredth time that day I bitterly regretted Una's deception.

"I felt that I really couldn't."

"Go at once," I said, giving him a little push. "You had better get it over quickly." So at last with what was evidently a violent effort, he opened the drawing-room door and went in.

I wondered, as the half hour grew into an hour and the hour into two, how he could bear to sit and look at Una's altered face all this time; and when at last, at twenty minutes past seven, I heard the hall door bang, I ran eagerly down to hear the account of the second interview and how lover number two had stood the test.

When I got inside the door I fell back against the velvet portière and stared. And well I might. My sister was standing by the open French window, looking out over the garden with absent eyes, and a happy smile on her pink, unpainted face. She wore her primrose-coloured frock, the prettiest and smartest garment she possessed, and apparently the whole hideous paraphernalia of cap, bandages, and paint had vanished for ever.

"Una!" I cried, "what has happened?—the paint? the bandage? the cap?"

Una laughed. She looked absolutely radiant; but for a moment she seemed at a loss for an answer—and I don't wonder.

"I got rid of all that before Charlie came," she said, looking a good deal ashamed of herself.

I stared. For the moment speech failed me.

"When it came to the point," she went on slowly, "I felt that I really couldn't. I wasn't going to risk losing him."

I sat down and literally gasped.

"And what about the Red Cross Knight?" I asked slowly.

"I am going to be a sister to the Red Cross Knight," said Una.

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CAP AND BELLS

An Englishman, whose business took him to the North of Spain, was much annoyed by the noise of the wheels of a bullock-cart which passed under his window early every morning.

"Why don't they use cart grease?" he muttered to himself, but he soon discovered that this article had never even been heard of in those parts. He waylaid the driver and detained him while he explained to him all the virtues of the wonderful compound.

Finally he ordered a cask of it to be sent as a sample, hoping thereby to spread its use from this out-of-the-way village to the whole of Spain.

Weeks passed, but as the noise still continued, our countryman ventured to ask the bullock-driver whether he had used the grease.

"Used it? Why, yes; and it was first-class; we all liked it."

"Liked it? Why, what on earth did you do with it."

"We ate it; and as for the waggon, we have kept our dear old music!"

* * * * *

A Yorkshire clergyman had been taking an eager part in a cricket match on Saturday, and next morning thoughts of the stirring contest would creep in, for much to the amusement of some hearers, he said, very solemnly, after the first lesson:

"Here endeth the first innings."

* * * * *

Business-like Precautions.

Smith: "Are you going to leave the office for the day, and let the safe stand open all night?"

Brown: "Of course. Do you think I want burglars to destroy a £200 safe for a few postage stamps?"

* * * * *

She: "Your proposal of marriage was quite unexpected."

He: "So much the better."

She: "Why, pray?"

He: "Because it's the unexpected that usually happens."

* * * * *

Customer: "A month ago you told me this material would wear, and here it is nearly gone!"

Snipps: "Nearly gone in a month? Well, if that isn't 'wearing,' what is?"

WHAT'S AMISS?

As Tompkins drops into his club,
He notices the moon, I wis;
A silver crescent in the sky,
It looks to him like this:

But later, when he's homeward bound,
He greatly wonders what's amiss
With that same moon—or moons—it—they
Looks—look to him like this:

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A Yankee was being shown a lamp by an Eastern priest, which the latter affirmed had not been extinguished for five centuries.

The Yankee gave a vigorous puff and remarked: "Wall, I guess it's out now, anyway."

A Very Proper Pride.

Mr. Pompous, M.P.: "You'd like to be present at the opening of Parliament? Well, my dear madam, I'll see if I can get you an order for the gallery."

Mrs. Tompkins: "The gallery indeed! The idea! If I can't go in the stalls or dress circle, I won't go at all!"

* * *

He had made a hearty meal at a restaurant, and getting up, he said to the waiter:

"I declare if I haven't forgotten my purse."

The waiter fired up, and hurled big words at him for fully three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came, the stranger continued:

"But I have a five-pound-note in my waistcoat pocket."

The waiter couldn't smile to save his life!

* * *

Robinson (at the window): "Hullo! there goes that woman Brown's so dead sweet on!"

Mrs. R. (rushing up with excitement): "Where? Who? Where? What? that in the gray? Why, George, how ridiculous you are. That's his wife!"

Robinson: "Exactly, my dear!"

(Tableau.)

"It is," said the distinguished foreigner, as he concluded his story, "simply a matter of heard-said."

"You mean hear-say, of course, Count?"

"Ah-h, but de story was told me some time ago."

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

Young Widow: "Now, Dolly dear, you know what I'm always telling you. Little girls should be seen, not heard."

Dolly (who had been chattering): "But, mamma, dear, nobody looks at me while you're here."

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"What beautiful teeth Miss Smith has."

"Yes, but they're false."

"False? Why do you think so?"

"She told me that she inherited them from her mother."

* *

The canary had retired for the night, and Johnnie was sitting watching the headless yellow ball with a certain "speculation" in his eye.

"Mamma," he said, with his eyes on the bird, "do you think I shall go to Heaven?"

Heavenly aspirations on Johnnie's part were as unlooked for as they were welcome.

"I hope so, Johnnie."

"I want to be an angel," said Johnnie, "'cause I always thought I'd like to see how it felt to put my head under my wing."

Mrs. Feathers: "If you don't go about your business, you rascal, I'll let the wasp loose."

"Mamma, said Johnnie, "I don't believe this is really healthy food."

"Why, not?"

"It tastes good."

* *

"Are checks fashionable now?" asked a highly-dressed young man of his tailor, as he looked over some cloth.

"I don't believe they are, sir," was the reply, "for I haven't seen any about lately." He looked so hard at the young man when he said it that it caused an absence in the shop very rapidly.

* * * * *

SHE: "It's no use bothering me, Jack. I shall marry whom I please."

HE: "That's all I'm asking you to do, my dear. You please me well enough."

* * * * * * * *

CALOMEL KIT.

I.

Calomel Kit was a curious cuss,
And when the weather was wet
He'd catch a tram or an omnibus
In his brother's butterfly-net.
And he'd take it home to his Pa, a lord,
Who sniggered at *tuum* and *meum*,
And cut his hair with a three-pronged sword
He stole from the British Museum.

II.

Now Calomel Kit once chanced to see
A curious kind of cat,
Which wore its head where its tail should be
(Pray, what do you think of that?);
And he sent this pussy by parcels post,
Wrapped up in his daddy's trousers,
To frighten away the glibbersome ghost
That haunted his friends, the Bowsers.

III.

But Kit's papa was an aristocrat
(You could see his whiskers were green),
And he said, "My boy, you're getting too fat,
I must certainly squeeze you lean."
But he changed his mind when he changed his suit
(All tailors he was the pride of),
And played a tune on a silver flute
That the old cow went and died of.

IV.

This done, he caught up Calomel Kit,
And mangled him nice and smooth;
And said he'd be certain to make a hit
As a Whale in a Penny Booth.
But Kit snatched his rifle and shot the moon
As across the sky 'twas flying,
And sailed away in an air-balloon,
While his dad couldn't laugh for crying.

V.

And when they mention Calomel's name
To his father now and then,
He says that cricket's a splendid game
For boys as well as for men.
And this is the moral he always points
To children he calls together:
"The Jelly fish doesn't have pains in his joints,
No matter how bad the weather."

Henry Edlin.

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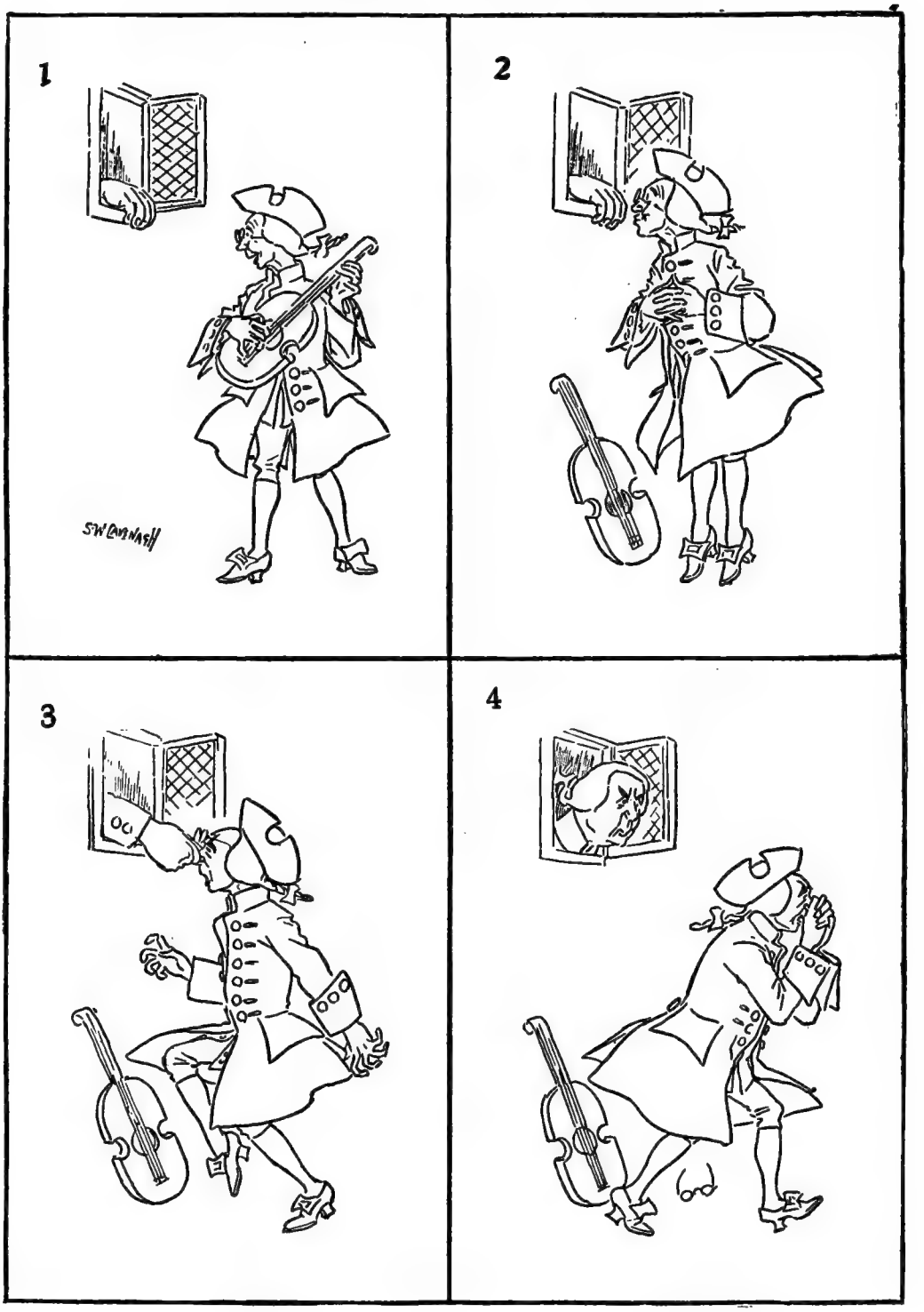
THE SHORT-SIGHTED LOVER.



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QUERY.

"He is a clever liar."

"What do you mean by a clever liar?"

"Why, one who is never found out."

"Well, if he's never found out, how are you to know he's a liar?"

* * *

"If there ever was a terrible child in this world," remarked the worried mother, "he's one."

"What's his particular fault?"

"Do what I will, I can't break him of the habit of telling the truth when we have company."

* * * * *

"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Millie," said Archie, with a trembling voice.

"Why don't you dare ask it?" the maiden said demurely.

"Because I can see 'no' in your eyes."

"'In both of them?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—how dare you, sir! Take your arm from around my waist instantly!"

But he didn't.

* * * *

MRS. THOMPSON: "Before she was married I understand she used to dance for money."

MR. THOMPSON: "And now, I understand, if she doesn't get money she makes her husband dance."

* * * *

"I was awfully troubled with insomnia last night."

"Are you sure it was insomnia?"

"Why shouldn't I be sure? I was wide awake at the time."

Tommy (yawning at 6 a.m.): "A river must have a pretty good time, it seems to me, it never has to get out of its bed."

"It is said that a November fog costs London £15,000 a day."

"That's funny."

"What's funny?"

"That both the fog and the money should be mist."

* * *

During one of the great riots in Belfast, an old man and his wife were driving a donkey with a cartful of vegetables along a road leading to the market. Seeing a mob of reckless men and boys approaching, and no means of escape possible, the old fellow handed to his wife five sovereigns, which she stowed away in her mouth for safety. The crowd took possession of the donkey and cart, scattered the greens, and roughly searched the old pair for any loose cash. When alone the old woman opened her mouth and allowed the gold to roll into her hand. "Ah," said the old fellow as he glanced regretfully after the disappearing donkey and cart, "what a pity you didn't put the moke an' all there!"

"Yes," said Muggs, "I've a good deal on my hands just now."

"So I perceive," replied Fogg. "Why don't you try a little soap and water."

She: "Haven't I suffered in a thousand ways since I married you?"

He: "There is one way you haven't."

She (indignantly): "In what way is that?"

He: "In silence.'

QUITE UNSOLICITED.

The hair upon my upper lip
Drew chaff from each pert girl:—

Whereas to-day, I'm proud to say,
It's long enough to curl.

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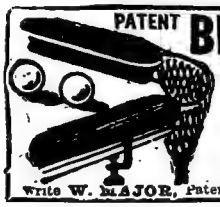

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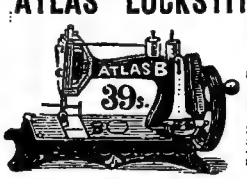

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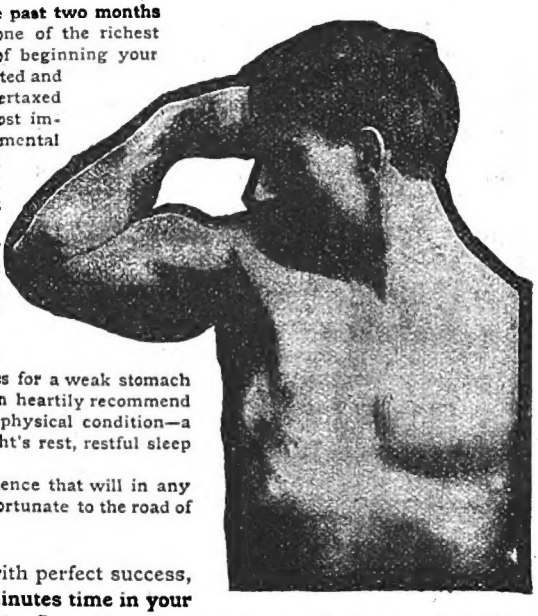

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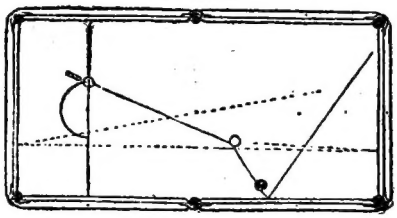

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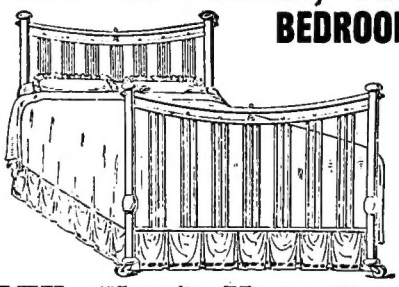

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